TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

ST why the International Women's Council should have spent so much of its precious time lambasting newspapers, with no idea, apparently, of separating the sheep from the goats is something of a mystery to me. Probably some of the members scheduled for addresses came out of other material. I can think of no other explanation at the moment. The chief critic was Miss Agnes Laut who from time to time has written some good stuff pertaining to the Hudson Bay Company and the Northwest. Another critic, who handled the topic gingerly, was Miss Lilly Dougall, formerly of Montreal and now mostly of England, who sent her paper over, not being able to be present herself. Then there was Arthur Stringer who didn't say anything particularly new nor editying. Margaret Hamilton Alden, once of Toronto. Miss McElroy, of Australia, Marjorie MacMurchy, who had something to say respecting social items, and a lot more.

Miss Laut is apparently a woman of a good deal of character as well as ability, and to the editor who runs afoul her hawser, I hereby extend my sympathy. To say the least Miss Laut's address was not plus with glittering generalities, but just why her unfortunate experiences with the yellow press of New York city should be saddled upon the entire newspaper fraternity is hard to conceive. In her eyes the editors with whom she had dealings were blackguards who would publish any old thing without taking the trouble to ascertain the facts, while blackmail was an everyday occurrence.

I have no idea of attempting to defend the New York yellow journals, but fortunately for the credit of newspaperdom, they are not over plentiful even in that city, and further they by no means represent what can truthfully be characterized as fair samples of American journalism. The trouble is that Miss Laut's statements were too sweeping, for the natural conclusion arrived at by her hearers, and particularly by the ladies from foreign lands, who were not in a position to ascertain the facts, is that all journals on this continent are tarred with the precise same stick as the few with whom Miss Laut had her unfortunate dealings. The fair thing for Miss Laut to have done was to have named her blackmailing, plunderbund newspapers, for surely the journal, for instance, which the speaker referred to as having libelled her maliciously could have had its name spoken in public, and thus the skirts of the really upright and meritorious papers of the American metropolis would have been cleared.

I would like to impress upon the members of the International Women's Council and other women as well, that newspapers are very largely what the women themselves make them. An editor is a caterer to the public taste as is the restauranter who knows his business. At the moment a Toronto daily is running one of Arthur Stringer's stories serially. I doubt very much, however, if the editor-in-chief or any one of the editorial writers on that paper would spend their time reading one of Stringer's stories, but they are ordered published because they are what the public want. And by the same token we have in Canada no daily or weekly papers of the yellow class, for the exact same reason—there is no demand. Columns of social and personal matter are published weekly by the dailies because experience has shown that this is the class of matter most in demand among the women of the world.

Sir Hugh Graham, proprietor of the Montreal Star, once said that he could make a successful newspaper with two features only, a financial page for the men, and a personal column for the women. This was no jest on the part of this successful newspaper owner, and as he has catered successfully to the public taste for a good many years his judgment on the matter is worthy of some attention. If women awake to the fact that Mrs. So-and-So's tea is not of paramount importance and whether Lady So-So was attired in pink satin and wore ostrich plumes in her hair, is no one's particular business, then the newspapers will cease publishing such stuff, and devote the space to something more worth while. However, there is no sign that this class of matter is on the decline, for as Marjorie MacMurchy stated at the Congress "they are of value and there is no sign of their disappearing. It has been proved long since that people want to know what their neighbors and friends and enemies are doing."

But in the midst of all this discussion at the Women's Congress not a single speaker made even passing reference to the big things of the world which the newspapers are doing daily. From the days of the Crimea up to the present there has never been a great, good cause which has not found its advocates among the newspapers of the world. Newspapers make war and pronounce for peace, and seldom are their mandates as a whole disregarded. Never is a great charity brought successfully to the attention of the public by other channels than the newspapers, and I venture to state without fear of contradiction that newspapers and newspaper editors and proprietors devote more of their personal time and that of their staffs to the good works of the world and bring forth greater results than any class of men that live. I will not even except the preachers, for they each speak with one voice and the newspaper numbers its voices by the tens of thousands.

So far as I am aware the International Women's Council got nothing but courteous treatment and a fair deal from the newspapers of Canada. This is as it should be for they represent much that is good in the world and they further represent an honest endeavor to better present conditions in the various walks of life. But, at the same time some of the members appear to have gone out of their way to condemn a great profession for the failings of the few. Criticism of the press is an easy thing—a reason probably for its being so popular—but any profession may be successfully criticised on the same broad, general lines. I can think of a dozen instances where ministers of the gospel have murdered their families, or burned their buildings, or stolen church funds, or betrayed members of their congregations, or perpetrated numerous other crimes, but no fair-minded man would think of holding up these examples as fairly representing the men of a great calling.

When the church workers require funds, when those who build hospitals and take care of the sick are short the last and most difficult thousands for the completion of the work, when those interested in giving the poor children of the cities a needed breath of fresh air, when money is required to raise a statue to a nation's hero; to the thousand and one good causes for which the appeal goes constantly forth; to whom do these people go? I would like to ask the critics of the International Women's Council. Ninety-nine times in a hundred the daily newspapers open their columns, and devote to these causes space which, in many instances, they can, from a financial point of view, illy afford to so utilize.

I am of the opinion that the Canadian public, with its good sense and discrimination can well be entrusted to keep the daily and weekly journals and the magazines of the Dominion ploughing along the furrow of decency and decorum. And finally, I would advise the critics of the Women's Council of the fact that if they sincerely wish to elevate the tone of the newspapers they must begin by teaching those of their own sex that the great news of the world is of more importance and really more interesting than are fashions, bun fights and pink teas.

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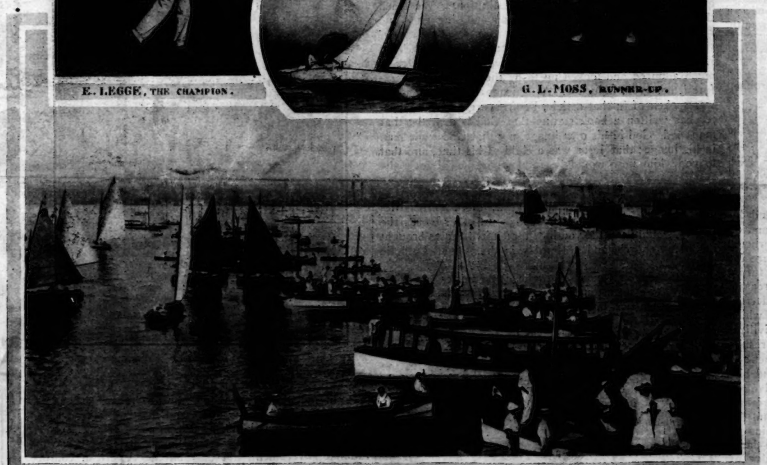
EVERY now and then attention is called in some pitiful manner to the disabilities under which authors are made to suffer in the matter of copyright. Not long ago a daughter of Bret Harte, the most delightful of American short-story writers, and a classic in the literature of his country, died in such destitution that she had to be buried by public subscription. And now a despatch from London states that four grand-daughters of Charles Dickens have been given a civil list pension of $2.50 a week, "in recognition of the literary eminence of their grandfather, and in consideration of their straightened circumstances." This is certainly not as it should be. Such men as Bret Harte and more especially Charles Dickens have contributed too much to the happiness of the world—and are still contributing in greater measure than ever—for their direct descendants to be left in such dire need as this. It is certainly a pitiful thing that the books of these two men should be selling by the thousand, while the daughters and grand-daughters of the writers are starving. Publishers like Collier have made a fortune out of cheap editions of Dicken's works, which they have sold by the million of copies, and yet Mary Angela Dickens and her three sisters are obliged to live on a charity pittance of $2.50 a week. This is a striking commentary on the present system of copyright. The man of all authors in England—one might almost say in the world—whose creations have given most pleasure to the great public of readers, and whose books are now more than ever an unfailing source of innocent and wholesome joy, the man who toiled with a fierce intensity of energy all his life long that this great body of work might be left behind him as a heritage to the human race, this man's children's children are allowed to come to want, while his books go on their way giving delight to millions and making fortunes for publishers. It does not need any more than this to show that the system is out of joint. Of course, I am well aware that the public good requires that such books as those of Charles Dickens should be circulated as freely as possible; but surely a very small interest in the sale of these books would be enough to keep these four women in a condition of comfort, as befitted the descendants of a great genius and a benefactor of the race. But the legislators of the nation have ruled otherwise. A man who establishes a big pork-packing plant, from which deceased pigs are sent out in various forms under glowing epitaphs, can hand it on to the fourth and fifth generation; and his remote descendants can look down in all the insolence of great wealth from their throne of pork. But the man who merely creates great books, in which a whole humanity with their weeping and their laughter and all their varied lives and fortunes are displayed to the delighted gaze of the people, the man who sends out noble thoughts instead of sausages, and characters that never die instead of pig that is boiled, this man must lose all interest in his work after a few short years are past, and his children or their children may beg their bread.

LOOKING FOR THE BALL
CANADIAN AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS AT TORONTO GOLF CLUB

E. LEGGE, THE CHAMPION.

G. L. MOSS, RUNNER-UP.



THE DOMINION DAY REGATTA — THE "GALLERY" AFLOAT

PASSING DOWN JARVIS ST — THE HORSE PARADE

WITH THE OFFICIALS
1-MAYOR OLIVER 2-PRES. NOEL MARSHALL

EVENTS OF THE HOLIDAY WEEK

THE Winnipeg liar has broken out in a new spot. This time he has sent a despatch to a New York paper concerning General Otter. He makes this gentleman, who above all is a man of sense and decency, state that the United States could not beat Canada in twenty-five years and that if hostilities began between the two countries it would mean another Philippine war. General Otter is further alleged to have said that Lord Kitchener should be managing a department store and not an army, and lastly this voluptuous fabricator remarks that Americans wear the King's colors more willingly and make better soldiers than do Canadians. Of course, it is hardly necessary to state that General Otter would be about the last man to make any such silly statements, and his official denial comes forward as a matter of course. For the credit of decent, sane journalism, this pest, whom I have before had occasion to mention, should be dug out of his hole and sent to jail.

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THE fact that Lord Onslow, the Duke of Bedford and other English landlords are relinquishing portions of their landed estates, upon the plea that under the Lloyd-George Budget they can no longer afford to hold them, will not seriously disturb the tranquility of the average mortal. There are many arguments in favor of dividing into small parcels the tillable land of England and few against it.

That the generations born and bred in large centres eventually deteriorate both in body and in mind there can be no question, and it is claimed upon exceedingly good grounds that to-day England has more to fear from her crop of men than she has from the enemy's fleet. In this connection a Montreal physician, J. T. Reid by name, has written interestingly to the London Times. Dr. Reid points out that half a century ago the minimum standard of height in the British infantry was 5 feet 6 inches; that during the Boer war it was reduced to 5 feet 2 inches, and before the end of the war was still further reduced to 5 feet. During the Boer war the average British soldier was 2 inches shorter, 1 inch less in chest girth and 15 lbs. lighter than the average British soldier in the Crimean war. Dr. Reid further states that during the recruiting in London for the Boer war fully forty per cent. were rejected as unfit, and in the manufacturing centres the percentage was still higher.

When the Romans got away from the land, it was the beginning of the end of their Republic and their Empire. Foul smelling disease-breeding cities never did and never will raise a strong race of men. We must go to the sweet smelling country or deteriorate.

"Statistics given by Macaulay," says Dr. Reid, "show that a large percentage of the people of the England of the seventeenth century lived on land of which they themselves were the owners. In the England of to-day about 70 per cent. of the population live in cities and towns, while a large percentage of these are congested, hundreds to the acre, in the slums, from which the cry of the sickening and dying children rises to Heaven in sad and vain protest against the national iniquity of their slum-hunger for sunshine and fresh air and bread, the lack of which is the chief cause of the physical decline of British manhood. A free supply of these might be obtained on the land, but access to the land is denied to the people by our system of land tenure, which results so disastrously against the interests of the masses of the people that at present 2,500 wealthy men own a little more than 50 per cent. of all the land of the United Kingdom. The land was created for the people, whose natural relationship to the soil cannot with impunity be ignored by the State. These wealthy few who own so much of the land of England are preshmably the most loyal subjects of the Empire, and yet their ownership of the land is the cause of the decline of physical manhood in the slums—a decline which is synonymous with decline of British supremacy, for without a vigorous physical manhood no State can continue supreme."

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SOME fool Americans saw fit on Monday last, in celebrating in Toronto their fourth of July—a day late—to drag through the dust from the rear of a tally-ho, a British flag. Mr. Montalieu Nesbitt, of Toronto, who saw the performance complained to a policeman, and afterward to the police department, but there was no response in either case. Common courtesy from people of common sense would naturally preclude any such driveling idiocy. One must therefore conclude that either the British flag was dragged along without the knowledge of those on the coach or else the occupants deserve a padded cell. If the insult was intentional the fools also deserve a horsewhipping. But after all what's the use. People of this character can hardly be judged responsible for their acts.

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AMONG recent discussions of the so-called "woman problem" few articles have attracted more attention than the two papers written twenty-five years ago by Mlle. Louise de la Ramee, better known as Ouida. These papers were sold at that time on condition that they should not be published till after the novelist's death, and so it is only lately that they have been given to the public. The articles deal with the seemingly widely separated subjects of female suffrage and the *demi-monde*. But their most remarkable feature is the manner in which they attribute both these almost opposite tendencies to the same source, "the rebellion of women against a domestic and monotonous career." The authoress, however, is careful to point out that "the two streams diverge widely; the one flows towards sin, the other towards study; the one becomes a Pactolus of selfish wealth, the other a Nile of fertilizing use, but the two take their rise from the same watershed."

Concerning the question of votes for women, which has grown to be the greatest problem of the hour in English politics, Ouida has little to say that is new. Her statements, however, are very interesting on account of the decision with which she takes what is generally re-

garded as the peculiarly masculine view-point in the matter. She points out that equality with men in privileges should also mean equality with men in liabilities. "Are women to go to this extreme?" she asks—"to become soldiers if they become surgeons; to become sailors if they become statesmen? We doubt if they are prepared to reach this length, but unless they are, the desire for equality with men is only another phase of the desire for every privilege and the exemption from every penalty." Without wishing to entirely endorse a judgment so decided in a matter so complicated as the question of women's political rights, it may at least be said that this opinion is especially interesting as coming from one who did herself accomplish some remarkable work, and was a brilliant instance of intellectual power and independence of thought among women.

The same courage in stating what might be regarded as the disagreeable truth is even more strikingly displayed in the second article dealing with the *demi-monde*, which she regards as another development of the same spirit of unrest and discontent with the latter-day conditions of women. And in this connection she boldly attacks an ancient and sentimental tradition, dear to dispensers of tearful platitudes, and unfortunately productive of much injustice. Ouida's testimony here is so striking that it is worth quoting, even at length. "The question of the too-abundant immorality of women," she says, "is never fairly discussed; is always more or less begged and shirked. Its responsibility is always thrown upon men, which is as illogical as it is unjust. Nothing can be more ludicrously incorrect than to trace the abandonment of every licentious woman back to some betrayal in her youth! The favorite hypothesis of some lordly lover wooing the village maiden and then flinging her off to a life that she detests is an imaginative instance that may occur once in ten thousand times, but certainly not more. The idea that the pursuit of the vilest form of depravity is always originated by woman's own self-sacrifice to a generous and too tender love is about the most absurd anomaly with which sentimentalists ever caught the clap-trap, tickled ear of the world. We may be guilty of a fearful form of heresy, but nevertheless we assert that nine-tenths of the dissolute women of the world never once knew what love was. Discontent with poverty and monotony; desire for the gaieties of an unknown world; the passion for sumptuous attire which seems born in all women; the innate avarice, vanity, frivolity, greed of wealth, and impatience of routine which are strong in so many uneducated and in not a few educated women—it is all these that send them to the haunts and the habits of vice. Marguerite flinging herself into a river after a long course of degradation in the hideous haunts of cities is a mournful and grievous sight indeed: but a thing infinitely commoner, infinitely more ominous and terrible, is Faustina in the full flush of her insolent youth deliberately selecting a career of licence and of plunder because by it alone can she gratify her lust for dominion, her greed for wealth, and all her cold and pitiless sensualities."

This is vigorous and even eloquent writing; and what is still more important, it is largely true, as is well known to all who have devoted any attention to this problem of ominous and gigantic proportions. What she says, is an old and terrible story, going back to the days of Lilith, "not a drop of whose blood was human, though she was made like a soft, sweet woman." But what is new, is her forceful and courageous statement of the facts, however sordid and repulsive. And since I have quoted so much of these remarkable articles, I cannot do better than quote her conclusion as well. It is as follows: "The same desires in womanhood which abhor privacy and domesticity lead on the one hand to the suffragist, and on the other to Faustina and all her infamous sisterhood. We have traced the effect back to its cause: the cure for it will lie in such education of the women of the future as shall ennoble their thoughts, enlighten their reason, elevate their tastes, give them pursuits of intellectual purpose, and arm them against that lust for gold which is at once the paradise and the hell of modern civilization. The whole human race is involved in the results of the present revolt and reaction amongst women: if turned back upon itself by mockery it will burn and bite on unseen, and find its issue in mad sins, wild frivolity, and all the anarchy of voluptuous abandonment; if rightly met, if wisely guided, it may become the noblest and the highest revolution that has ever broken the chains of effete prejudices, and led out human souls from the darkness of ignorance into the light and glory of a day of liberty."

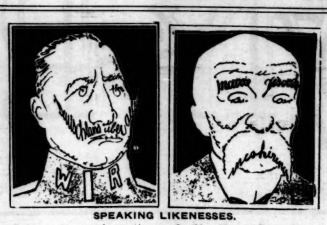
⁂

IT was in 1812 that Lord William Selkirk led into the then great wilderness of the West the settlers, who afterwards furnished food for the gun powder and balls of the warring Northwest traders. The hundredth anniversary of these events are close upon us, and the people of the West announce a Selkirk centennial. This celebration is three years in the future, but those who have the project in hand are already hard at work. It will take a great deal of capital, perhaps five millions of dollars, to place this international exhibition firmly upon its feet, but it should be worth the price. The coming of these Scottish immigrants to Canada under the patronage of Selkirk, was in reality the beginning of things in that great country, now known to the world as the Canadian Northwest. A centennial exposition in Winnipeg should attract a great deal of attention in Europe and the United States, but it must be well done, if done at all.

⁂

BISHOP McFAUL, of New Jersey, charges the great centres of learning of the United States with undermining faith and teaching immorality. In his sweeping condemnation this ecclesiastic includes Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Chicago University, Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania. In a recent interview in the New York Times the Bishop, enlarges upon his original statement delivered at the commencement exercises of the St. Francois Xavier College in New York.

He said: "I stand to my statement. I was addressing Roman Catholics, and my point is this: I would forbid young Catholics to go to institutions such as I believe these to be, where they will get no moral training; where they will associate with skeptics and agnostics, and



SPEAKING LIKENESSES.

Some of the words on the Kaiser's face are "Deutschland uberalles," "Zeppelin," "sword-sharpened," "powder-dry," "Lohengrin," etc.

On Mr. Clemenceau's face are such words as "carelessness," "disorder," "egoism," "incoherence," "skepticism," "sublime impertinence."

where, in the faculties, there is a strong inclination to find faults in and attack Christianity."

What caused this outburst from Bishop McFaul was an article published in a recent number of The Cosmopolitan, but at the same time the Bishop acknowledges that his personal knowledge of these great seats of learning is very slight indeed. This, however, does not prevent His Lordship from reiterating his original remarks and even enlarging upon them. The Bishop's statement as quoted in one of the New York papers is as follows:

"If the Catholics who are sending their sons to these universities knew of the rascality, immorality, and the disrespect for womankind that is being taught in these institutions they would tear down the buildings.

"There are families in this country that are sacrificing their Catholic faith and their church-taught morality in their fanatic and lunatic desire to get into society. That's why they send their sons to Harvard, Princeton and Yale; they want to get into society through the associates their children meet at these institutions.

"What we want is to send them to Catholic schools, where we teach them that there are such commandments as 'Thou shalt not steal,' 'Thou shalt not commit adultery,' 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.' No power but the Catholic Church can stem these evils.

"The Catholic Church is here to-day to cure the present evils. Our mission is to uproot Socialism, to destroy divorce, and to teach Christianity. The salvation of the Republic depends on Christian teaching. We must consider as one of the Christian problems of the day the education of the millions. Why, even the universities, Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, do not teach the Bible—that fetish of modernists."

"I don't believe in turning them loose to make their own selections. I do believe in presenting all sides of a question as we do it in Catholic institutions. We teach the right principle, and then take up opposing ones and refute them.

"At Harvard, for instance, pragmatism is taught. That is no religion; it is not Christianity, yet its author is much admired and looked up to by the students. Therefore it has great influence. At Chicago University, which was spoken of in that article, Prof. George Burman Foster has written a book stating that God is a myth; that man made God in his own image, not that God made man in his image; that Jesus was a child of his time, and that to copy him now would be fatal; that the Bible is the petrified remains of the Christian religion, and that we are not fallen angels but developed animals."

The Bishop further charges that these universities teach no definite, sound philosophy. In other words the Bishop would have the youth of the United States brought up in the church, and preferably in the Roman Catholic church.

In Canada, in Roman Catholic communities, we have become quite accustomed to remarks of this character from ecclesiastics, but it comes as rather a surprise from a prelate whose diocese takes in the town of Princeton, which is, first of all, one of the great seats of learning in the United States.

The trend of the times is toward liberalism in the colleges, as it is in the churches, and while the widely quoted words of Bishop McFaul will unquestionably have some effect, it is doubtful if it will be either far reaching or lasting.

⁂

THE town of Cobalt is now going through an experience which must come sooner or later to every loose built mining centre. Mining towns grow in a day, and naturally enough the "shack" prevails. Then comes a time when the element of certainty and permanence takes the place of the transient, the ephemeral. The camp comes to stay, as it were, and then the fire king gets in his work. The old temporary buildings disappear like so much matchwood, and in a few weeks or months structures of a better character take their place in the landscape. It is said that a fire made Chicago what it is to-day, and now San Francisco is rebuilding itself upon the ashes of four fires and an earthquake. The first three San Francisco conflagrations took place when that California centre was the El Dorado of the gold miner. The beginnings of the town in 1849 were much the same as Cobalt, a half dozen years ago. Then with each successive fire came more permanence, until finally an earthquake destroyed what was one of the finest cities on the continent. So it is that a healthier, better Cobalt will rise over the ruins of the old town. The streets will now be laid out in regular order, and in all probability building restrictions doing away with structures of the matchwood order will be enforced. Fires in mining camps seem as necessary as mining promoters, and in a great many instances the former are far less harmful than the latter.

⁂

WHEN public men in exalted positions deal unfairly, or where there is a suspicion of unfair treatment by which the comparatively unknown man is made to suffer, the great public have a nasty way of making it uncomfortable for the aforementioned exalted gentlemen. A case in point is that of Jules Fournier, editor of Le Nationaliste, whom Sir Francois Langelier, sentenced to a term of imprisonment in the Quebec jail. The charge was that of contempt of court, the judge in the original case being Sir Francois Langelier. In other words, Langelier sat upon his own case and sentenced the accused to a term of imprisonment without the option of a fine. For fifteen days Fournier stayed in jail, and each twenty-four hours of the confinement only tended to make more of a hero of this man and bring fifteen fold condemnation upon the head of Sir Francois.

Fournier, when he arrived back in Montreal from his confinement was acclaimed a hero. Many hundreds of people fell in line behind his carriage at the station, and when he addressed his audience in the market place five thousand men and women stood before him. Unquestionably it was the proudest day in Fournier's life. A month ago he was, comparatively speaking, an unknown writer on a somewhat obscure French weekly paper, while upon that platform he was flanked left and right by Henri Bourassa and others almost equally well known and spectacular.

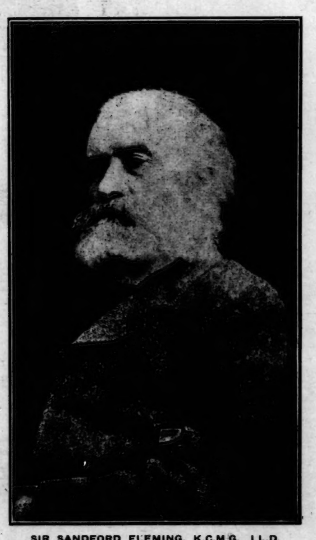
Later on this case will go to the Court of Appeal, and at the next session of the Federal Parliament the Fournier case will unquestionably be taken up. All of which goes to prove that accidents make heroes, and also clearly indicates that the great public has the uncomfortable habit of trying some cases out of court.

THE COLONEL.

Sir Sandford Fleming.

(An Appreciation by H. J. M.)

WHAT a life of fruitful endeavor—beneficial and far reaching in its effects—has been the life of the venerable and still vigorous Sir Sandford Fleming, of Ottawa! Take away the things with which he has had to do, since he came to Canada when a young man, and what is there left? Not long ago, his children, as an evidence of their admiration for his splendid character, and of pride in his many public achievements, presented him with an address of congratulation, on the anniversary of his birth. In this document were recounted, with loving thought and care, many of the principal events in his noble and stirring life, the mere enumeration of which, here, would fill a column. To the list could not then be added, because not yet accomplished, or perhaps



SIR SANDFORD FLEMING, K.C.M.G., LL.D.
Courtesy Dr. Henry S. Morgan, Ottawa.

thought of, what many have come to regard as one of Sir Sandford Fleming's finest and most patriotic works. I refer to the foundation by him of the National Tower, at Halifax, to mark the establishment of British constitutional government, not only on the American continent, but throughout England's vast colonial empire. It is only when one stops to consider the far reaching and tremendous importance of the event sought to be commemorated by the erection of this memorial, that we can take in its full significance and at the same time fully appreciate the debt which lovers of liberty, order and good government, the world over, owe to our distinguished fellow citizen for being the first to move in the matter. Would that there were a few more Sir Sandford Flemings existing in our midst. Not only has he been a large subscriber to the fund for the erection of this distinctive historical landmark, but he has also presented the city of Halifax with a park, as a place of public resort, contiguous thereto. It is by such unselfish and worthy deeds that the character of a nation becomes marked and that men like Macdonald, Fleming and Strathcona not only find a place in history, but become enshrined in the hearts of a people. Here is Sir Sandford's proposed inscription for the Fleming Tower:

"This edifice was founded in 1908, on October 2nd—the 150th anniversary of that memorable day when, under the auspices of the British government, the first elected assembly within the limits of what is now Canada, met in Halifax.

"A grateful people offer this memorial as a tribute of affection which they owe to the parent land, and as an incentive to mutual attachment between every member of the British family of nations.

"This national monument is erected in the interests of peace and civilization by the sons and daughters of Canada, aided and strengthened by the sympathy and support of the friends of justice and freedom."

Since the above was written Sir Sandford has embarked for England. Many friends will wish him a pleasant sojourn there, and a safe return to his Canadian home.

Morgagni, the founder of modern pathology, was an Italian. Auenbrugger, inventor of physical diagnosis, an Austrian. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, and Lister, father of modern surgery, were Englishmen. Schwann, originator of the cell doctrine, and Koch, who isolated the bacillus of tuberculosis, are credited to Germany; O'Dwyer, inventor of intubation, and Wright, who worked out the theory of opsonins, which teaches how the blood fights disease, to Ireland. Pasteur, father of preventive medicine, who taught the world the causes of sickness and demonstrated that no one need die of parasitic diseases, was born in France.

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Add to a thoroughly good menu, with many dishes specially selected for hot weather, dainty table appointments, prompt and courteous service—this is what the St. Charles offers you.
It's a pleasant place to eat in any kind of weather.
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Barefoot Sandals
Barefoot sandals for the children will be more popular than ever this summer.
Splendid for play, for outings, for the lake shore.
Fix out the little folks and let them enjoy themselves.
Barefoot sandals are not expensive, $1.25 to $2.
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BRITISH JEWELRY DESIGNS
We can supply you with Jewelry and Silverware of British designs, probably much better than the average jeweler. British goods are one of our specialties.
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We sell Meilink's home deposit Vaults and High-test Safes—the only kind guaranteed against dampness, swollen walls and rusted bolt works. Any size for home, office or store; fire and burglar proof. Then we sell
MEILINK'S STEEL WALL SAFE
for apartment houses, hotels and private homes—to be built in the wall—takes up no room—safe is made of heavy steel plate by anti-rust process; interior finished in aluminum bronze. The door is ¼-inch thick, with steel asbestos insulation—door opening six inches clear—three-tumbler all brass set in rim which covers only 6⅝ inches of wall; combination has 1,000 changes.
Home owners and builders see this safe.
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Every person with surplus money available for Investment needs to exercise care when making selections suitable to his individual needs.

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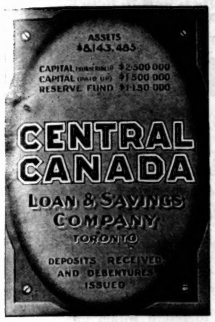

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Premium.	$38.85	$39.50	$40.35	$41.60	$43.45

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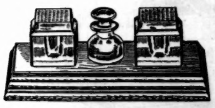

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Newest Designs, Prices Right
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Manufacturing and Importing Stationers
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Dunlop "Orange Star" Golf Ball

It is famous in England and Scotland—the ball selected by championship players. Sold everywhere in Canada by The Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co., and by dealers in athletic and sporting goods.

If you cannot get the Dunlop Golf Ball from your dealer write direct to the Dunlop Company, Booth Ave., Toronto. "Orange Star" postpaid, 50c. "The Manor," a practice ball, postpaid. 35 cents.

Dr. Pillem—You needn't worry about your wife. She has a remarkable constitution! Henpex—Say, doc, you ought to see her by-laws, rules, and regulations!—Life.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO **MONTREAL**

MONTREAL, JULY 7, 1909.

SPEEDING is apt to be rather less popular among the automobile fiends of Montreal for some time to come, since the shocking announcement of the death of Mr. W. C. McIntyre, head of the dry-goods house of McIntyre, Son & Co., Ltd. He was out with his chauffeur and his friends, W. S. Weldon, manager of the Windsor Hotel; Markland Molson, of the Molsons Bank, and Percy Cowans, of McDougall & Cowans, members of the Montreal Stock Exchange. They had been to the Forest and Stream Club, out on the shores of Lake St. Louis, and were hastening homewards. Passing through Dorval, the auto slowed up a moment at Mr. Molson's gate to permit him to alight, then sped on again in the dark. The crash came as it neared the Dixie Golf Club—almost before Mr. Molson was safely in his house. A broken telegraph pole, a wrecked auto, and four unconscious men were found a moment later by the occupants of the car it was intended to pass. The chauffeur shortly recovered, being but slightly injured. W. S. Weldon is doing nicely in the hospital, with his ribs crushed in. The boys on the 'Change still enquire eagerly each morning and afternoon if "Percy" has come to yet, and if there is any hope. W. C. McIntyre will never wake again. An appalling list of casualties, indeed. It is the prominence of the victims and the suddenness of the event which gives the other auto people a bad taste in their mouths when joy rides are suggested. It is safe to say that the spot will long be pointed to as that at which the hand came out of the night and took a man with the laugh still on his lips. And a good way to be taken too, if people would only look at it that way and make their wills in time.

MR. WILLIAM C. McINTYRE,
A young Montreal financier and business man, who was killed in his auto the other day.

***

"Willie" McIntyre.

"Willie" McIntyre, they call him, if you ask them about him, and some of them call him "Billy," although he was worth a million. That means that, in some respects, at least, he was one of God's own people—a democrat. For the men who call him by the short name are sometimes former employees, sometimes fellow sports and companions, and some times old school mates, and they all had a good word for him. None of them seemed to think that because Billy was pretty rich it would make any difference. They say: "I well remember Billy when he was a boy. He lived on Hanover street (that makes you start, because the whole street isn't big enough to hold McIntyre's mansion on the side of the mountain), and George Gardner lived over on Brunswick, while Ed. Sheppard, he lived on Cathcart. Near Ed.'s place were fields and the Exhibition Grounds with the Crystal Palace, where all the boys used to try to hit the clay pipes in the shooting gallery—Billy and Ed. and all the rest of them." You soon get tangled up with these intimacies and only remember a few of the names. Ed. Sheppard is still very much in evidence, out at the Arena, and at the Crescent Baths, and he is manager of the American Bank Note Co., and he put that Carnival through last winter. He used to play in the Montreal lacrosse team and, they say, has thirty odd championship medals. George Gardner still gives us good advice about stocks, down at Scotts, and, although he was considerably the senior of McIntyre, they were always friends. Another one of them, Billy Aird, played in the Montreals, too, and has a record for standing in his goal and, with one shot, scoring a goal at the other end of the field. Bud Mullarkey is with the Rubber Co., and Billy Arnton is in New York. So they go on and recount history.

***

Love of the Woods.

Unfortunately, for the living, the dead get all the praise—and what is worse, they get it often when they don't deserve it. This makes some of the foregoing sound a little cheap. But I, personally, know at least one good thing about W. C. McIntyre. He had two fishing resorts of his own. One is at Point Rouge, between here and Quebec, and the other at Metapedia. From the fact that he went there each spring and autumn, I take it he was fond of the woods and of fishing. I am told that fishing and the woods were his great hobby. I think a man may like fishing and yet be a scoundrel. I know one who is—but I doubt if he can like the woods and pursue his wicked career with much satisfaction.

***

Among the Athletes.

Having athletic experts as companions, however, did not make an athlete of McIntyre. He used to belong to the M.A.A.A. with all the rest of them, and go out to give the aspiring champions any practice they needed, but that was all. He developed a fondness for horse racing, also, but though he had the means to keep a stable of racers, he was quite satisfied to confine his chief interests to getting a good seat in the grand stand and placing a little bet on the race. His fondness for horses brought him into closer touch with Dr. Charles McEachern, who became, with the exception of W. S. Weldon, Ed. Sheppard and Maurice Davis, his greatest friend, perhaps. It is said that, of late, Maurice Davis was his closest companion and knew more about his goings and comings than anyone else.

***

Combination of good Qualities.

But if he was democratic in spirit, everyone about the wholesale dry goods house of McIntyre, Son & Co., had to earn his living just the same, once W. C. became head of the business, upon the death of his father. The employees state, however, that he was not a hard man to work for. He insisted upon neatness in every employee about the place and he practised it himself. The firm prospered under his guidance. He was not what might be called a brilliant man, or perhaps even a very clever one, but he combined most of the qualities of the good business man. He was shrewd and practical, and even though he had lots of money, would not go into anything new simply to help someone along. He examined every proposition thoroughly and made his decisions quickly thereafter. In manner he was brusque and quick, though this did not indicate ill-nature or austerity. He is said to have been exceedingly kind hearted, and a man whose regard for his friends was never affected by his own material welfare, or the absence of this desirable condition in the lives of those friends.

***

Family Ties.

I suppose I ought to tell you that he was also president of the Mount Royal Spinning Co., the Canadian Transfer Co., the Windsor Hotel Co., and the Crescent Turkish Baths; vice-president of the Dominion Bridge Co., and director of the Structural Steel Co., the Yorkshire Insurance, the Robert Syndicate, and interested in a multitude of other concerns. That was enough to keep him busy. At the time of his death he was forty-eight years of age and unmarried. He has frequently told his friends that he would never marry so long as his mother was alive. He was her devoted attendant. If out in the evenings, he would 'phone her, and leave his companions immediately, if she so desired. If he promised her to be home at any particular hour, no one who knew him ever tried to keep him later—he would race the legs off his horse or the tires off his auto to keep his engagement. Perhaps, after all, that is the best thing I have said of him—I save it for the last.

***

TORONTO, JULY 8.

The thirty million loan of the Dominion Government, and the five million flotation of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company were the prominent recent events in domestic financial circles. In spite of petty prejudices and party jealousies, the British investor discerns in Canada an almost unlimited field for the profitable employment of his surplus cash. It is beginning to be understood that while the judicious uses to which these borrowings of ours work out for our material benefit, the lenders also derive advantages which far outweigh the mere interest return on these investments. It is being realized more and more that the investments made by Britain in Canada and the other colonies have played a most important part in bringing about the great prosperity of the Mother Country. The capital she invests in the colonies and in foreign countries is largely sent in the form of British produce, rails, bridges, and rolling stock for the railways built abroad, clothes for the workmen to wear, often food for them to eat. If goods are not sent directly to the countries in which investments are being made, they are indirectly. A very conservative estimate is that British capital to the amount of £2,700,000,000, has been invested in foreign countries. Of this sum fully £1,600,000,000 has been sent out in the form of British exports. In other words, over the past fifty years, more than £30,000,000 per annum of British exports have been sent out because of the immense employment of capital abroad. This sum has been sufficient to pay £100 per annum to 300,000 persons for fifty years. But beyond this Britain is receiving an income from her foreign investments of upwards of £125,000,000 per annum, which is equal to an income of £100 a year to 1,125,000 persons. Therefore, the investment of the British capital abroad and the income received from it, are sufficient to maintain 1,500,000 wage-earners, and including their families, about 7,000,000 of people.

***

Sentiment Bullish.

There was really no news of an unfavorable character over the holidays to affect the prices of securities, and the holders are still inclined to be bullish on the general situation. One cause for the strong undertone of the market, in spite of its dullness, was the ease of the money market, and another sustaining influence in securities was the hopeful feeling regarding the crops. The railways are getting lots to do. A new record in gross earnings for the year just ended is reported by the Canadian Pacific, the figures being $76,117,000. This is nearly $4,000,000 in excess of the receipt for the fiscal year, 1906-07, when business was at its height. The Grand Trunk road is also doing better, the earnings for May and June showing increases as compared with the same months last year. The street railways are also doing a good business, with receipts much larger than last year. Toronto Railway has taken in $1,812,000 for the six months to June 30, or an increase of $138,808, as compared with first half of 1908. Its earnings for the month of June were $28,365 larger than in June of last year, or the greatest gain of any one month this year. While speculation recently has, by no means been active, a great many securities have been quietly absorbed, and later on when crops are assured, the chances are that prices will show appreciation. More than the usual volume of trade in bank issues has taken place this week. Dividend and interest moneys are being re-invested, and these high-class investments always come in for their full share of the demand at such periods.

***

Interest May Advance.

Canadian banks have over $200,000,000 on deposit in London and New York, the larger portion being in the American metropolis. There seems to be some apprehension, should general trade become active, as it naturally will if crop prospects continue as at present, that these funds will be withdrawn, and then higher rates of interest will follow. A large quantity of United States

HON. WM. GIBSON, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-President and General Manager.

BANK OF HAMILTON
Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

Capital Paid-Up - - $2,500,000
Reserve Fund - - - 2,500,000
Total Assets Over Thirty Million Dollars

TORONTO: 34 YONGE ST.

BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO
Cor. Yonge and Gould — Cor. Queen and Spadina
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100 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

Savings Bank Department at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.

We receive Accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ESTABLISHED 1874.
Travellers' Letters of Credit
under which money can be drawn at any point in the world.
TORONTO OFFICES:
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NORTHERN CROWN BANK
Capital Paid Up - $2,200,000
Authorized Capital - $6,000,000

The Northern Crown Bank is fully equipped to undertake every description of Banking transaction: Travellers' and Commercial Letters of Credit issued, available in all parts of the world; Bills of Exchange, Drafts and Orders on all countries bought and sold; Canadian Bankers' Association Money Orders for sale at all branches.

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Toronto Office - - 34 King St. West

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Foreign Drafts AND Travellers' Cheques
Issued in the Money of the Country on which drawn
PAYABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD
Money Transferred by Telegraph or Cable — Toronto Office 48 Yonge St. — Foreign Money Bought and Sold

$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00

THE METROPOLITAN BANK
No delay in withdrawal
Capital Paid-up - - - - - $1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - - - - - - $1,277,404.49

THE GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

is best known as the Company that has, from the commencement, fulfilled its mission of providing Life Insurance under its participating Policies at lower premium rates than obtainable elsewhere, and with higher profit returns.

Some applicants, however, prefer non-participating Policies—a straight guaranteed contract—so much Insurance, so much premium. The Great-West also issues these Policies at lower cost than any other company. Ask for personal rates.

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Head Office: WINNIPEG
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What can be better than a Canadian Bond issued by an established Canadian Company in a business that is the backbone of Canada? We offer such a Bond to yield almost 5¼ %. Principal and interest absolutely secure.

W. GRAHAM BROWNE & CO.
Dealers in High Grade Bonds
22 St. James Street
MONTREAL

Imperial Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND NO. 76.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Eleven Per Cent. (11 per cent.) per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the three months ending 31st July, 1909, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after the 2nd day of August next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st July, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.

Toronto, Ont., June 16th, 1909.

By Royal Warrant

to His Majesty the King

G·H·MUMM & CO

EXTRA DRY

The most exquisite dry champagne imported.

SELECTED BRUT

A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather where the name of G. H. MUMM & Co. is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.

Royal warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. MUMM & CO. by

His Majesty King Edward VII.
His Majesty The German Emperor.
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His Majesty The King of Italy.
His Majesty The King of Sweden.
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BREDIN'S
HOME-MADE
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Keeping quality at the highest notch.

Winning consumers every day on the quality merits of this staple loaf.

Bredin's Home-made Bread.

5 cents.

Bredin's bakeshops, 160-164 Avenue road, and Bloor and Dundas sts. Phones College 761 and Park 1585.

COSGRAVE'S
XXX PORTER
AT ALL HOTELS

BUT ONE QUALITY—
THE HIGHEST :: :: ::
AT ALL DEALERS

"I suppose Newrich is making quite a splurge with his money?" "He did the day he backed his auto off the ferryboat."—Puck.

stocks are being carried in London, the loans on that class of security having increased nearly $75,000,000 in the month of June. It is not surprising, therefore, that the big speculators of Wall street are feeling a little bit anxious as to the future condition of the money market. While money is cheap in New York at 1¼ to 2 per cent. for call loans, it is cheaper in London at ½ to ¾ of one per cent. It is this difference in favor of London that accounts for the "carrying" of such large lines of American securities in the London market. Another unfavorable feature in New York is the high rates of sterling exchange, making gold exports profitable. This condition is largely due to the great falling off in the exports of produce from the United States. Within the past year the decrease in the value of wheat exports alone was $28,000,000; in flour, $11,000,000; meat and dairy products, a reduction of $27,000,000; live cattle, a drop of $11,000,000; corn, a fall of $9,000,000; manufacturers of iron and steel, a decrease of $41,000,000, etc. The entire exports from the United States for the year ended June 30 are estimated at $200,000,000 less than for the previous year, while the total imports have increased $100,000,000. Practically, every important article used in manufacturing shows a marked increase in the quantity brought in during the fiscal year, 1909, compared with the fiscal year, 1908. The increase in imports occurs chiefly in manufacturers' materials, but in no inconsiderable degree also in foodstuffs, while manufactures ready for consumption show a marked falling off.

***

Methods Differ.

A British capitalist, who had lost heavily in the collapse of a company on whose Board he sat, on telling about it to a Wall street man, was asked why he had not sold his shares, since he must have known how things were tending. "How could I sell?" he asked, in surprise. "I was a director." The idea of the average American director declining to take advantage of secret information seems absurd in Wall street, where "official speculations" are notorious.

***

Wheat Lower.

A re-action in prices of wheat has resulted the past week. Ontario grades, which have been in unusually limited supply for several months, will not bring within 10c. per bushel of the price two weeks ago. The near approach to the harvest, and the large exports from India, Russia and the Argentine, have produced a rather bearish feeling. The weather generally has been favorable, and the report of the U. S. crops for July is expected to show an improvement over June. It is the popular trade opinion that the northwestern spring wheat crop has improved in condition during the last month. Area under wheat in the U. S. shows 46,172,000 acres of winter and spring wheat against 47,461,000 acres harvested last year. It is possible that a crop as large as last year's may be produced. In fact, the promise is for a total yield of 695,000,000 bushels against the harvested total of 665,000,000 bushels last year.

With stocks depleted the world over it is the view of the believer in higher prices that stringency will be apparent through much of the crop year. It must not be forgotten, however, that it is a new experience to begin the marketing of new wheat at such high levels, and it may materially affect the ultimate situation. Prices are from 15c. to 20c. per bushel higher than a year ago.

Russia Building a New Navy.

RUSSIA at last has made a start with the nucleus of her future navy. Significantly enough, the keels of four Dreadnoughts were laid down simultaneously on the day before the German Emperor exchanged courtesies with the Czar in the waters of Finland.

Two of these Dreadnoughts, to be named the Sevastopol and the Petropavlovsk, were laid down at the Baltic works and the other two, the Gangoot and the Poltava, at the new Admiralty dockyard on the opposite side of the Neva. Their length will be 590 feet, their width 93 1-2 feet and their draught 27 feet.

The ships will carry twelve 12-inch and sixteen 4.7 guns. The turrets will be placed four amidships, one in the bow and one in the stern. The ships will have four submerged torpedo tubes. The deck side armor will be supplied by the Government works and the hulls will be made partly of soft Siemens-Martin steel and partly of specially hardened steel.

Their construction has long been delayed owing to the necessity for reorganizing the Admiralty, and while this was being done the Duma twice refused the requisite credits.

The materials to be employed (says a London writer) will be throughout Russian, but the designs and the supervision are in the hands of John Brown & Co., of Clydebank and Sheffield. When the vessels will be completed is doubtful. Naval experts regard it as questionable whether the Russians have the necessary technical ability to construct such ships. Their effectiveness will probably depend upon how much is John Brown and how much Russia.

At the laying down ceremony, which was largely of a religious nature, Admiral Gtegorovitch made a stirring speech to the assembled dockyard staffs. He said that he was sure they would work hard to re-establish Russia's sea power. There would be plenty for them to do.

No other nation except Russia has ever deliberately revived the names of ships that failed in battle. Of the original bearers of the names of the four new ships the Petropavlovsk was blown up on a mine field, the Poltava was surrendered, the Sevastopol was sunk to avoid surrender, and the Gangoot anticipated Tsuchima by sinking herself at target practice. The first time she fired her guns her bottom opened and she went down.

Mr. Balfour and the Press.

SOME time ago it was said that Hon. A. J. Balfour never read the newspapers. This was denied by the ex-Premier during the recent Press Conference in London. He said:

"My neighbor has deeply pained me in the course of this afternoon by informing me that even in Australia it is currently believed that I never read the newspapers. To what hasty words of mine this world-wide impression—for so I now apparently may regard it—is due I really do not know, but, at all events, let nobody suppose that I underrate the power of the Press, and, above all, let nobody suppose that I do not recognize to the full the function of the Imperial Press in promoting that mutual comprehension which is the basis of mutual esteem between different parts of the Empire.

"We are all of us parochial by instinct," added Mr. Balfour. "It is natural to concentrate your mind upon the immediate controversy in which you yourselves and your own interests are obviously mainly concerned. But unless we can inculcate successfully among the great bulk of our population, wherever it may be found, that imaginative, sympathetic insight based upon knowledge, which is the only solid bond of unity—unless we can do that, we shall certainly deprive ourselves of one of the greatest of all bonds that can unite scattered peoples into one organic whole. And it is to carry out the end that I thus indicate that I look, above all things, to the labors of the Press."

Emigrants Americanizing Europe.

AN extraordinarily interesting article on "How Returning Emigrants are Americanizing Europe," by E. A. Steiner, appears in The American Review of Reviews. In the year of depression, 1907, nearly 800,000 immigrants returned from America to their European homes, and Mr. Steiner has followed them to discover how the peasant countries, notably in the East of Europe, have been affected by this sudden influx of numbers of those who for years have been in touch with a life which, in many respects, was the antithesis of that which they had left.

His conclusion is that "emigration has been of inestimable value, economical and ethical, to the three great monarchies chiefly concerned, namely: Italy, Austro-Hungary and Russia. It has withdrawn inefficient labor, and has returned some of it capable of more and better work. It has lifted the status of the peasantry to a degree which could not have been achieved even by a revolution. It has educated its neglected masses, has lifted them to a higher standard of living, and has implanted new and vital ideals. So far as the emigrant himself as a person is concerned, I have not seen one who, if he escaped the dangers of our industrial activity, has not been bettered by his contact with us."

Gambling in Italy.

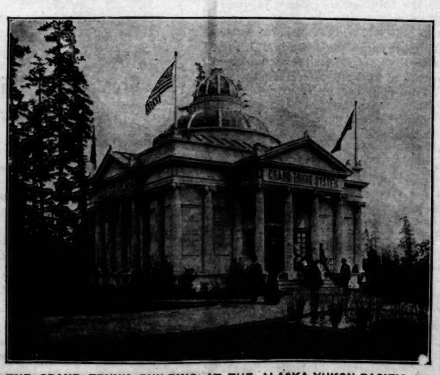
THE Italian Government encourages gambling and the national lottery, or lotto, which is a Government monopoly, yields the State an annual revenue of about $9,000,000. During the financial year 1907-08 the sum of $16,681,296 was invested in the lotto, out of which, it being a lucky year for the players, $8,028,738 was paid back to the players in the shape of winnings, hence the clear profit to the State amounted to $8,652,558, or more than 50 per cent. of the total money invested. Generally the winnings amount to much less, so that the State as a rule pockets between 60 and 75 per cent. of the money staked.

The gambling habit flourishes more or less in all the provinces of Italy, but it is significant that in the south and in Sicily, where the inhabitants are poorest and illiteracy is more prevalent, more money is invested in the State lottery than in the north. Thus, for instance, in the province of Naples each inhabitant spends about $3 a year on the lotto, and at Palermo about $2, while at Venice, Rome and Turin the average is less than $1. In thirty-two of the northern provinces the average amount invested by each inhabitant is below 25 cents.

Directing an Aeroplane by Wireless.

EXPERIMENTS are being carried on by Professor Weichert of the Meteorological Institution at Gottingen, Germany, to perfect a miniature aeroplane, or aerial torpedo, which shall be driven through the air by an electric motor and whose course shall be directed by wireless. The Messrs. Krupp, of Essen, are financing the project, for they realize the extreme importance of the invention from a military standpoint. An aerial torpedo which can be controlled by an operator stationed safely in some fortification on land should prove a most destructive engine of war.

The system involved in this new departure in aeronautics is based upon the principles used for steering submarine torpedoes by electric waves. Professor Weichert also believes that his invention will be an aid to scientific investigation of the existing atmospheric conditions in high altitudes, hitherto almost impossible of determination. He is now experimenting with a machine which may be directed upward to a great height and then be drawn back again to its starting point by an electric current.



THE GRAND TRUNK BUILDING AT THE ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION.

A MERRY little page was caught in the act of sliding down the banisters of the grand staircase in a certain episcopal palace in England. The bishop heard of the incident and sent for the offender. The boy dragged his lagging feet into the library and stood quaking in the lordly presence.

"Well, sir," said the bishop in his most magisterial manner, "this palace is no place for your nonsense. You know that, don't you? Who is it that is in this house always, in every part of it, who sees everything, hears everything, punishes all ill-doing?"

"The missus, my lord," replied the page, quivering, yet not without a twinkle in his eye.

Newed (after the ceremony): Dearest, do you really think I'll prove a satisfactory mate?

Mrs. Newed: Oh, I guess you'll do as a mate, all right. Now look me over and tell me what you think of your captain.—Lippincott's.

NATURAL LAXATIVE

Hunyadi János

MINERAL WATER

Nature's own way of cleansing the body is most simple. She provides a pure and wholesome Mineral Water as a laxative and health tonic. Keep yourself in healthy condition by drinking half a glass on arising in the morning.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
(In connection with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.)
$11 FROM SUSPENSION BRIDGE
TO
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LONDON LETTER

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

London, June 26, 1909.

TOWN gets gayer and gayer as the season advances. Public affairs and private entertainments pile one upon another. There are exhibitions, fetes, banquets, sports, dances, dinners, pageants, horse shows until Society and society stop for breath towards the early part of July, when the green chairs in the parks are covered less frequently with lovely gowns and the summer exodus begins.

The Royal Family are among the very busiest people in London. The King plays the game, and plays it well. Always genial and tactful, he attends to his many duties as if he thoroughly enjoyed them. Here is one week for example; that beginning June 21st. On Monday the King and Queen attended Speech Day at Wellington College, where His Majesty made a delightful speech to the enthusiastic boys. On Tuesday His Majesty held a Levee at St. James's Palace, and received and lunched the Turkish Embassy. On Wednesday the King went to the Royal Agricultural Show at Gloucester, and they say that to see the King as a farmer, very knowing about cattle and crops, is sometimes to do one's heart good. On Wednesday, also, the Queen opened a charity fete. On Thursday Their Majesties went to the new hospital at Millbank, called after "Our Gracious Queen Alexandra," and in the evening held the last Court of the season at the Palace. On Friday the King's official birthday, the Royalties attended that charming and impressive ceremony, the trooping of the Colors at the Horse Guards, and on Saturday opened the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington. In between they go to the opera and to the theatre, and drive out and see their personal friends.

In spite of such a wearing life both the King and Queen look remarkably well. I saw them the other afternoon in an open carriage, and the King was smiling and debonair—the word seems to suit him—while the Queen, beautifully gowned, looked a very lovely thirty-five.

"I think they must almost know me by sight," said the pleasant woman who shared my end of the curb. "I never miss a chance of seeing them, God bless them!"

* * *

AMONG the girls presented at the last Court was one at least, with a Canadian connection. That was the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe. Lady "Mollie" had a Canadian grandmother, for her grandfather Gen. Sir Lionel Gallwey, of the Royal Engineers, who knew Canada well, married Miss MacDougall, of Montreal, many years ago, and their daughter is the present Lady Wharncliffe.

* * *

THE grand tour of the editors from all parts of the Empire, and their wives and daughters, is almost over. Before long they will scatter to all corners of the world to remember to the end of their lives their magnificent reception by the Old Country. Short of visiting Royalties in people could have seen more of the best side of English life—social, political, literary—than these men of "the Younger Nations." They have seen the best England can show (except in the matter of weather) and one feels proud to know that they in their turn have made a good impression on the Mother Land. Sir Hugh Graham, of The Montreal Star; Mr. J. A. Macdonald and Mr. T. R. Atkinson, of Toronto; Mr. J. S. Brierly, of Montreal; and Mr. P. G. Ross, of Ottawa, all have been quoted by the English Press, and their words referred to with respect and admiration.

* * *

IT may be of interest to know what the theatre-going public like in June. French plays are on at the Adelphi, and Irish plays at the Court, with Mrs. "Pat" Campbell in Deirdre. "The Follies," "Mr. Preedy and

Princess Victoria, the Princess of Wales, the Prince of Wales, and Prince Edward.

the Countess," "What Every Woman Knows," "Penelope," "Henry of Navarre," and "The Merry Widow," all of which I mentioned earlier in the season, are going strong. "The Merry Widow," you know, is to be taken off soon and they say there are persons who are rushing to Daly's nightly to bring their attendances on the "widow" up to the one hundred mark. Personally, I find this hard to believe, but, of course, you will do as you like.

Violet Vanburgh is playing in Clyde Fitch's "The Woman in the Case," in which Blanch Walsh starred in New York. "Peter's Mother" is revived at the Haymarket and is worth seeing. The Annual Shakespeare Festival monopolizes His Majesty's, which obliged Mr. Tree to take off "The School for Scandal." Lewis Waller is beginning what he hopes will be a long run in the new Conan Doyle play, "The Tires of Fate." Charles Hawtrey, finding the "Noble Spaniard" did not draw, is appearing in another of the newspaper plays, "What the Public Wants." George Alexander has revived "Old Heidelberg," and Cyril Maude and Winnifred Emery have put away "The Flag Lieutenant," with grateful feelings, and are exploiting "A Merry Devil."

There are plenty of musical comedies playing to good houses. "The Chorus Lady" is doing well, and there is a revival of "Brewster's Millions."

At the variety theatres some of the favorites are to be found. "Cissil" Loftus and Ellaline Terriss are at the Coliseum, and there is to be a Maud Allan matinee at the Palace this week.

Miss Allan, as you may have heard, is to receive £20,000 for a ten weeks' tour in America, starting in September, 1910. She will not be seen in "Salome." One wonders if the management decided that America was more prudish than England, or rather than London, for some towns in England refused to countenance "Salome." According to Miss Allan, "To the pure all things are pure," and the "Salome" dance was simply artistic, but the possibility of American public opinion clashing with her view may have something to do with "Salome," and that horrible head, being omitted from the programme.

* * *

EVERYWHERE in England one finds curious epitaphs. Here is one dated 1633 I saw by a tomb in an old Sussex graveyard:

"Youth was his age,
Virginity his state,
Learning his love;
Consumption his Fate."

M. E. MACL. M.

Queen Alexandra and Her Favorite Dogs.

Lord Strathcona and the Cabman.

LORD STRATHCONA, the Canadian High Commissioner in London, has humor of what Scotchmen call the pawky variety. Four or five months ago (says the London correspondent of The New York Sun) an old man called at the offices of the Dominion of Canada in Victoria street and asked to see Lord Strathcona, saying that he was the cabman who drove young Donald Smith down to the docks and his ship when years ago he left Caledonia to make his fortune in Canada.

Lord Strathcona gave orders that he should be shown in at once, and right pleasantly the two old men gossiped of "auld lang syne" and "bonnie Scotland." Suddenly the cabman heaved a portentous sigh. Lord Strathcona asked its meaning. The cabman explained.

He had not been prosperous but had fallen on evil days. He had to support two grandsons, and one of them, to his grief, had just died. He had little enough to bury him with and next to nothing with which to maintain himself and the other. Lord Strathcona passed a five pound note quickly into the waiting hand of the tearful grandfather.

Now the cabman has just made his second call and the High Commissioner, not forgetful of the first visit, had the veteran driver brought into his private room. Once more the atmosphere of the office became thick with Highland reminiscenses. Once more, too, the cabman sighed, and then with breaking voice he related how in his old age he had to support his two grandsons, and now both of them were down with typhoid fever. Once more Lord Strathcona's purse strings were loosened and he passed coins into the old cabman's hands, who tottered out stammering his thanks.

Now Lord Strathcona's secretary had been an auditor of the scene. When the cabman had gone he came forward.

"I hope, my lord," said he, "you did not give him anything. When he saw you some months ago he told you that of his two grandsons one was dead. Now he says both are down with typhoid fever. It looks my lord as if he might be an imposter.

Lord Strathcona eyed his well meaning secretary from underneath his bushy brows.

"Thank you, thank you, very much, Mr. Jones," he purred, "but do you know that when I went out to Canada first I was not driven down to the docks in a cab at all, but just wheeled my own things to the ship in a wheelbarrow."

Recently in a single week one hundred and sixteen marriages of non-residents were celebrated in Victoria, B.C. It appears that prospective bridal couples resent the new law, now enforced in the neighboring cities of Seattle, Bellingham, Tacoma and Portland, requiring medical examination and certificates of physical fitness from applicants for marriage licenses. In preference to compliance they take one of the daily steamers from Seattle—sometimes as many as twenty couples a day—and the Sheriff's office enjoys a phenomenal business at $5 per wedding ticket. The clergymen of Victoria are kept busy with this "transient trade," and indeed it has been suggested that Sheriff Richards should meet all boats with an omnibus connecting direct with the marriage bureau. That other border city, Windsor, has long enjoyed a reputation as a Gretna Green, but it never experienced anything like the present rush of marrying visitors to Victoria.

The British Empire has just added 15,000 square miles to its area, and 450,000 citizens in Siam. The full details are now published in the treaty signed on March 10. The Siamese Government agree not to cede or lease any land to any foreign government. In exchange "we renounce all rights of extra-territorial jurisdiction which we and our Asiatic fellow-subjects have enjoyed in Siam." That is to say, British subjects will in future be subject to Siamese courts, in which a European legal advisor will sit as a judge, and decide. The Indian or Burmese British subject will be tried by a Siamese, who will decide, but in the presence of a European adviser.

The remarkable unification of South Africa is now practically complete, and the full turn of the wheel is ended by the statement that General Botha is anxious that Dr. Jameson, of the Raid, should be the first Prime Minister of the United States of South Africa. When the conference about the union is completed in London, South Africa states that General Botha and Dr. Jameson will proceed in company to Carlsbad for the cure!

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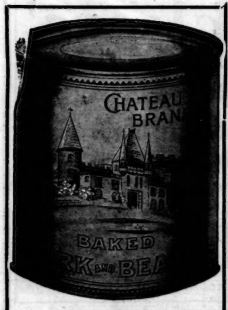

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

ON Wednesday, June 30, Our Lady of Lourdes church was beautifully decorated with pink and white peonies, banked in palms, for the marriage at 11 o'clock of Gertrude Mary, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Ross, Dunbar road, Rosedale, to Mr. Edward G. O'Kelly, Dublin, Ireland. The Rev. Father Canning officiated, and while the register was being signed Mr. Fletcher Kennedy sang "Because." Mr. Ross gave his daughter away, and her lovely princess gown was of white satin striped chiffon over satin, and the tulle veil was held by a Juliet cap of pearls, and chaplet of orange blossoms. Her boquet was of orchids and lily of the valley. Miss Clare Barnett, St. Catharines, as bridesmaid, was in apricot ottoman silk, with mauve hat, and shower boquet of mauve sweet peas. The little flower girl, Miss Verna Ross, neice of the bride, wore a dainty lingerie frock, and a Grecian hair-band, and carried a basket of pink sweet peas. The groom's gift to the bridesmaid was a baroque pearl pin, to ushers, Mr. James Ross, Mr. Harold Marriote, Mr. Harold Shapley and Mr. Roy Morrison, of Montreal, pearl pins. A reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, Mrs. Ross receiving in a rich costume of black silk and point lace. Mr. and Mrs. O'Kelly went to the Adirondacks for their honeymoon, and will spend the rest of the summer in Temagami. The bride's travelling gown was of navy Ottoman cord, and a large leghorn hat with ospreys and apricot velvet.

The marriage of Miss Dorothy Vivien (Dot) Kirkpatrick, daughter of the late Mr. Richard Kirkpatrick, and a native of Toronto, and Mr. Charles Coggill Egbert of Albany, N.Y., took place on Wednesday, June 30, at four o'clock, in St. Peter's church, Niagara Falls, N.Y., Rev. J. Hughes, D.D., of Morristown, N. Y., and Rev. Philip W. Mosher officiating. Mrs. Vincent Porter, of "The Gables," Niagara Falls, an older sister of the bride, gave the wedding from her beautiful home in Buffalo avenue. The day was lovely and the event was interesting to many Torontonians who went over the lake or by train to attend it. The bride was brought in and given away by her brother, Mr. Richard Cummings Kirkpatrick, of Ogdensburg, N.Y., and wore a very elegant gown of embroidered white satin, with court train, and rich lace trimmings. The orthodox veil and orange blossoms and a boquet of lily of the valley and orchids completed her costume. Mrs. Vincent Porter was matron of honor, in white lace over satin, white hat faced with orchid color and trimmed with white chiffon roses and a boquet of orchids. Miss Egbert, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid, the other three being Miss Jean Alexander, of Bon Accord, Miss Jessie McMurrich, and Miss Enid Hendrie of Hamilton. They made a "rainbow" quartette wearing respectively pale blue, pale lavender, pale yellow and pale pink faille dresses, and all wore large white hats with wreathings of small rosebuds, and carried bopuets of sweet peas centered by forget-me-nots tied with long ribbons to match their dresses. Two small flower maidens, Julia Porter and Ruth Rankine, were in white frocks, and carried sweet pea and forget-me-not boquets. The bride's procession was led by the ushers, Messrs. T. B. Lester, Reginald Meek, Gordon Hoxsey and Norton Kirkpatrick, nephew of the bride, who is very little his senior. The effect as the softly-tinted gowns, pretty faces and the tall slender young bride in her rich array passed up the flower-decorated aisle, was perfectly charming. The bride's only jewel was a diamond pendant, the gift of the groom. The best man was Mr. Mason Young, of Short Hills, N.J. After the ceremony the bridal party and guests drove to Mrs. Porter's residence on Niagara river bank where the reception and dejeuner were arranged, and where a very handsome collection of gifts were on view. Everything was delightfully planned, the handsome rooms were decorated with flowers and palms, and good wishes for the future of Mr. and Mrs. Egbert mingled with strains of music and merry laughter. The bride and groom left for their honeymoon later on, Mrs. Egbert wearing a smart tan suit, with hat to match. They will be at Niagara Falls until the autumn on their return from their bridal trip.

MR. H. P. DWIGHT
and his grandson, Master Arthur Dwight Ross, of Winnipeg.

Mrs. Dewson, Mrs. Wilson and Miss Marcella Gibson have gone to the West Coast. Dr. and Mrs. Thistle have gone to Seattle on a holiday.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and his family are spending the vacation at Burlington Beach.

Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark and their daughters are to summer at Cushing's Island. They left on Thursday for the sea.

Colonel F. M. H. Marshall, is out from England on a visit to his cousin, Mr. Noel Marshall.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Calderwood have gone to the Coast of Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Capon of 10 Earl street, are celebrating their golden wedding, and will be at home to their friends on Tuesday evening, July 13, from eight to eleven o'clock. Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Capon, of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Capon, of Boston, and Miss Capon, of New York, are visiting their parents on the event of their golden wedding, and will receive with them at 10 Earl street, on Tuesday evening, July 13.

Toronto's summer migration is now in full swing and our people are going north, south, east and west for their holidays. To offset this, there are crowds of southern folk and transatlantic tourists filling hotels and boarding houses, and anyone who is keeping a town residence open is sure to have visitors to be amused and taken about. Some of the Toronto people abroad are Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins, of Cloynewood; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gamble, Mrs. Jones, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mrs. Winn, Dr. Elmore Harris and his daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Webb, Mrs. Russell Greenwood, Miss Marie C. Strong, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Gooderham, Admiral Kingsmill, Mrs., Miss and Mr. W. Perry, Dr. and Mrs. Arnold Mason.

The engagement of Miss Mary Christie Clark, daughter of Mr. Tom Clark, Walmer road, and Mr. Douglas G. Ross, son of Dr. J. F. W. Ross, was announced last week.

Mr. D. R. Wilkie gave a large dinner at the Hunt Club on Wednesday evening, a farewell to Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark before they left for the seashore.

Mr. Cameron Nelles Wilson is spending the vacation at Dalhousie, N.B., on the Bay of Chaleur. Mr. Acton Burrows and his family are to summer in the same fascinatingly beautiful locality.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Dwight and Mrs. Morse are going to the Wa-Wa Hotel, Norway Point, Lake of Bays, for the vacation. They intend leaving next Wednesday.

The management of the Royal Muskoka are being kept busy these days. Everyday some new feature is gotten into shape for the amusement of the guests of whom an unusual number have been in residence this month. Last Sunday over a hundred lunched in the fine *salle-a-manger*. A nice tennis court is prepared and the pretty golf course with its belt of forest and rolling surface is the popular resort, those who do not play enjoying the stroll through the woods to reach the links, picking sweet little wild strawberries and exquisite young growth of foliage, with which and graceful ferns the dinner tables are often decorated. Last Saturday night a party from Wistowe, Mr. Frank Phillips' place at Port Sandfield, came over in their launch for the dance, and the moonlit lakes were simply silver as the swift little craft cut its way through the fairy light. Every evening the remarkably good orchestra plays for a couple of hours for the dancers, and the abundance of perfect floor space is dotted with graceful couples, twirling and sliding in waltz and two-step, with peeps at the glorious moon between. Half-a-dozen bridal couples were there last week, surely an ideal spot in which to honeymoon. The wisest folk go to the Royal this month before the August rush, and enjoy the perfect swift service, and sense of *dolce for niente* which is not possible when the hotel is overflowing with holiday folk.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. James, and Mrs. Smith, of Montreal, went early this week to Swamscott, Maine, for the vacation. Mrs. Riddell had the misfortune to again strain a weak ankle, and was laid up last week under a nurse's care, but fortunately was able to leave as arranged for the seaside on Monday.

Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, of Rohallion, returned from England the beginning of last week.

Good accounts of Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, who had a severe fall last week, relieved the anxiety of her relatives, and allowed Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark to go away on their holiday with no uneasiness. Mrs. Macdonald and Miss Bessie Macdonald are at the home in Wellington Place.

Colonel and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald and their family are at their summer place on Lake Simcoe.

Mrs. Edgar Jarvis and Miss Carolyn Jarvis are visiting friends in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gooch and their family are summering at Lakeside Park, Bowmanville.

The marriage of Miss A. Isobel Hart, daughter of Mr. John S. Hart, of Perth, and Mr. William Hardie, of Ottawa, takes place on July 15.

On Wednesday afternoon, June 30, at the Rectory of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, the marriage was solemnized by Rev. Father Richard Hughes, of Mary Evelyn, daughter of the late Mr. Henry King, of Montreal, grand-daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. W. R. King, and niece of the late Admiral Sir George St. Vincent Duckworth Kink, Bart. B.C.B., of Exeter, England, to Charles W., son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reid, of Toronto. The bride, who was unattended, was given away by her brother Mr. Atwell J. King, of New York. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Reid left for Niagara and Toronto.

After the O'Kelly-Ross wedding on Wednesday of last week, Mr. James Ross gave a dinner at the Yacht Club for twenty-five of the bridal party.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Brasier have left on an extended trip through the Canadian West, and Western States.

Mrs. Angus Kirkland has gone to Bellport Inn, L.I., for a fortnight's holiday by the sea.

Mrs. Taylor, of Winnipeg (nee Lockhart), is visiting her mother, and has her two bright little girls with her.

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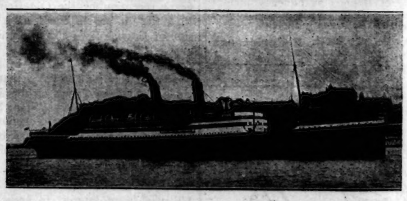

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"ROSE OF THE WILDERNESS," by S. R. Crockett, published in Canada by Henry Frowde, Toronto, is distinctly disappointing to the reader who appreciates the peculiar charm of this accomplished writer's Scottish stories, who expects to find it in everything that Crockett writes. The dark and wholesome tone, the gentle humor, the quaint, homely flavor which have marked the best of this author's work are not entirely lacking. Yet the story is a very slender thread and wavers and lags instead of moving on surely and steadily in the true Crockett fashion. In fact, at times wearisome, and the reader recalling some of the author's performances in the past, feels that "Rose of the Wilderness" is either a pot boiler, or the work of a hand that has, in a large degree, lost its cunning. The heroine, who is given the role of narrator, is a heartsome lass of some spirit, but she is not a real Crockett heroine, and her story is, on the whole, improbable, without being interesting, except in spots.

Mrs. Atherton, the American novelist, says that while literary taste has improved in recent years, literary criticism has not improved. She gets after the critics who praise certain light novels, "because one scene succeeds another as rapidly as those of a play, 'without one superfluous word.'" Mrs. Atherton goes on to say: "I have read the last extolment repeatedly and wondered if these people, whose duty it is to guide the public taste, even guess that they are using the term which should be applied to a good play and a bad novel. A novel without a single superfluous word is not a novel at all, but a long story."

FRANK DARBY,
Whose latest novel, "Sebastian," the story of an English family, has been as successful as her "Pigs in Clover" and "The Heart of a Child." Her real name is Mrs. Frankau.

Here Mrs. Atherton makes a good point. Too many modern novels merely carry the reader with a rush through a series of climaxes. But "Rose of the Wilderness" goes to the opposite extreme. By necessary "superfluous" words Mrs. Atherton means those which give the little touches here and there required to round out a novel and make it a complete picture of life or some phase of life as seen from a certain angle—thus differentiating the novel from the short story, which is merely an elaborated anecdote. "Rose of the Wilderness," however, has words, pages, chapters, which are superfluous in the purely literal sense.

* * *

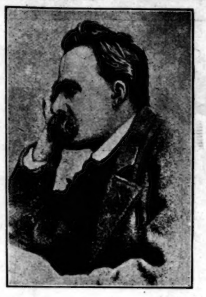
The principals of the H. M. Caldwell Co., publishers, of Boston, are Canadians, so one might expect them to be good publishers, and so they are. One of their specialties is the production of attractive pocket editions of condensed, predigested wit, wisdom and verse. Some of these volumes of thumb-nail sketches and skits are good; some of them are merely foolish. In the latter class belongs "The Sphinx and the Mummy," a book of limericks by Carol Vox, illustrated by H. Boylston Dummer. To be absolutely just, it might be added that the average child under twelve would probably find some of the pictures and rhymes quite funny.

* * *

Charles Kingsley's daughter "Lucas Malet," has after a period of non-production again taken up her pen. A new novel to be called "The Score" is coming from the press.

* * *

Some weeks ago I had something to say about the quantity of weak, meaningless verse published by the magazines of this continent—the sort of stuff that Mr. Clinton Scollard has been writing these many years. Now I would like to rise up and make a mighty kick against the yards and yards of so-called "strong" but meaningless verse that are being printed by many American and some Canadian periodicals, just now. Dinkey rhymes of the Clinton Scollard type have at least one merit—they are harmless. No boarding school miss will have her pensive little mind confused or her gentle sensibilities disturbed by a perusal of these too sweet nothings. Indeed it is just possible that they may have some slight positive value as bromides or soporifics. But a good deal of the "strong" verse published in large quantities just now is more than rank. It is vulgar, profane, and, so far as it has any sense at all, demoralizing. Newspaper and magazine poets began to write this sort of verse when Kipling's army and navy ballads were so immensely popular, and they have been grinding away at it ever since. It aims to deal in a virile and unconventional way with primal passions and "things as they are"; but instead of being virile it is generally only rough and unmusical as verse, and either foolish or insignificant as to sentiment. A "poem" in the current number of Outing, which has been reprinted in a number of Canadian papers, will serve as an example of the brand of verse referred to. It may be admitted that it is written with considerable skill. It is much better than the average rhyme of this type—in fact it comes rather near to being really strong. Yet it is a highly exaggerated picture, and a more appropriate title for it would have been "Cussin'." Here it is:



FRIEDRICH NIETZCHE,
Whose complete works are to be published in English shortly. He studied at the Universities of Bonn and Leipzig. He was appointed Professor of Classical Philology at Bale University in 1869. His most quoted book, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," was written between 1882 and 1886.

DREAMIN'.

By Frederic Clarkson Law.

I've been a ridin' a hell of a circle,
All the hot day since the cool o' the dawn;
Coolness that stays till there's light to rope hosses—
Then with the first blink o' sunlight is gone.

Lord! them baked miles over prairie unendin',
Down through arroyas where water-holes steam;
Past the gray buttes loomin' gaunt to the west'ard
Twixt 'em, pale shadders like spooks in a dream.

Worse through the sand-hills, the home of the rattler,
Hoof-spattered cani droppin' hissin' an' hot
Over coarse grasses that rustle an' whisper
Sadly, like stranded souls, lost an' forgot.

Still there's good pay in the evenin' sky colors,
First breeze o' sundown 'a a joy an' delight;
So is the twilight, the dusk and the starshine—
Heat o' day paid for with cool o' the night.

Then when the moon rises glowin' an' silent,
Alkali beds is like patches o' foam;
Big, quiet prairie brings thoughts like the sea-calm
Brought—in them days when the shore was my home.

No use o' dreamin', though, here in the city,
'Lectric lights glarin' an' drownin' the stars;
Chokin' in daytime, an' feverish at nighttime,
God's silence killed by the roar of the cars.

The cowboy's life may be a hard one, but surely it is not as bad as that. This writer has piled on the strong language without making a strong, convincing picture. Yet his poem is immensely superior to the average production of this kind. The strong-language poem that is really strong is rare. That is what magazine editors ought to recognize. Any hack-writer with a little practice at verse-making can dash off real devilish stuff in rhyme. But Robert W. Services are as scarce among writers of really virile verse as Theodosia Garrisons are among writers of magazine verse that has the quality of loveliness.

* * *

A Paris publishing firm will indulge in a remarkable experiment in the autumn. They will issue editions of the works of Balzac, Dumas, Zola and other great French novelists at two cents apiece, which will break all records for cheapness in the publishing business. The novels will be printed in the rather clumsy form of eight pages of daily newspaper size. However, the publishers say that they have hit upon "a new arrangement of the columns of print" which will make these queer penny editions handy and readable. They hope that each work will soon attain a sale of a million copies.

Recently a London writer, referring to the demoralized state of the book trade in England, pointed out that in the old days novels were issued in three volumes at $7.56, and were sold at that price for some time before being offered at $1.44. In recent years copyrighted novels have been sold at the start for the latter figure. But lately the cheap reprint has revolutionized book trade conditions. In England the latest fiction may be purchased at prices ranging from $1.44 to 14 cents, and in Toronto and other Canadian cities English-made copies of a number of recent American and English works are now being offered at fifteen cents. The London writer in question suggests that novelists take a year's rest, thus clearing the market of pot-boilers and trash of various sorts, and giving to young readers a chance to become acquainted with the classics. It may be presumed, however, that he did not have in mind two-cent editions of the classics, such as the Paris firm proposes to issue.

MRS. ELLA HIGGINSON,
Author of "Alaska: the Great Country," which has had a remarkable sale for a book of this class. It might be noted that Mrs. Higginson is one of the best-looking of women writers. Her understanding eyes and generous mouth and all the strong but gentle lines of her face indicate her possession of a broad but womanly mind.

It would seem that a satisfactory international copyright law is what is required to give authors, publishers and the reading public a "square deal." If a writer were accorded genuine protection against piracy, well-made books could be sold at a fair, uniform price—a price lower than the present standard figure of $1.50 or $1.25, but higher than the varying prices of the cheap reprint editions. The reader would then pay for the best novels what they were worth, no more and no less.

* * *

In many American merchant ships travelling libraries have been installed by a society which has taken upon itself to provide sailormen with books which they will truly enjoy. When a collection of books has been read by the crew of one vessel they are exchanged for the library of another ship. The captains keep a record of the books that are most popular and from statistics gathered from thousands of these reports The Bookman finds these six to have been the sailors' favorites last year: 1. "Treasure Island," Stevenson. 2. "The Three Musketeers," Dumas. 3. "Cruising Among the Caribees," Stoddard. 4. "Hurricane Island," Watson. 5. "Under the Red Robe," Weyman. 6. "The Prince of India," Wallace.

* * *

The demand for Anthony Hope's dashing romance, "The Prisoner of Zenda," sems to be as strong as ever—a fact which will be surprising to a good many people. The story was first published by Henry Holt & Co. fifteen years ago, and although since then a number of large cheap editions have been printed, they are now issuing a fifty-ninth edition in the original style illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson.

* * *

The last volume of the "Memoirs of Alexander Dumas" has been published by the Macmillan Company. Although a book of more than 600 pages, it covers a period of no more than two years, 1832 and 1833.

* * *

James Lane Allen's new novel is entitled "The Bride of the Mistletoe." It is a Christmas story, the scene of which is laid in Kentucky. This is the only book the author has published in six years, and his publishers, the Macmillans, say it is a highly polished work.

* * *

The other day in Paris a poet's contest was held. The jury were distinguished men and women of letters, and the public, which was judge, turned out in thousands. The poems were recited by well-known actors and actresses, but so many of them concerned death and despair that the audience became disgusted, and at last when the title of poem number 1,401 was announced as "In Memoriam," there was a riot, and the judge, in the form of a howling mob, took matters out of the hands of the jury. The first prize was awarded, but after that the assembly broke up in wild disorder.

This occurrence is something for poets and all kinds of writers to think about. Only once in a long while has the public a chance to pass judgment in a striking and dramatic manner on literary tendencies, and certainly that Paris crowd served notice on writerfolk in general to quit grinding out stuff that is doleful and gruesome.

* * *

"Theodore Roosevelt, Dynamic Geographer," is the title of a volume which is coming from the Oxford Press. The author is Mr. Frank Buffington Vrooman, F.R.G.S., and the book is based on a lecture which he recently delivered before the School of Geography at Oxford.

* * *

A second edition of Byron Nicholson's volume, "In Old Quebec and Other Sketches," has been issued by the Commercial Printing Company, of Quebec. Mr. Nicholson is an ardent patriot and a sincere, well-informed writer, and his book will be a valuable addition to any Canadian library, as a work of reference. The sketches deal not only with Quebec, the quaintest and most interesting of our cities, but all the important centres of the Dominion east and west. A number of miscellaneous essays are also included in the volume, which contains some fifty pictures of places of special charm or importance in various parts of Canada.

* * *

Mr. Eden Phillpotts calls his new story "Fun of the Fair."

* * *

Even before his death Mr. George Meredith's autograph had become a thing of some value, a single letter selling for $25 in the auction room. As for portraits of the novelist, Watts and Sargent painted him, and Mr. William Strang made for King Edward an etching of him for the King's private collections. HAL.

Shakespeare-Bacon.

SOME hold that Francis Bacon wrote
The plays we tag with Shakespeare's name,
And cabalistic dreams they quote
With cipher codes to prove their claim;

But grant that Bacon chose to bind
On Shakespeare's brow his own green bays;
He donned the mask—why look behind?
He had his game—we have the plays.

Beyond the peaceful stars, mayhap,
The twice-bought judge in wig and gown
Reviles the merry player-chap,
And bids him yield the poet's crown.

If Bacon's spirit makes a fuss,
What mirth must move the cherubim!
He tried to play a joke on us—
I rather guess the joke's on him!

Arthur Guiterman, in Life.

Ellis O. Jones, writing in Life, has this to say on the subject of rearing children:

The custom of leaving inheritances in trust goes a long way toward solving the problem of rearing children. Formerly it was thought best to educate children so they could take up affairs where their fathers left off, or even before.

This is no longer necessary, and schools may soon be disbanded altogether, for now a child need know nothing but chorus girls and best-sellers in order to live a happy and contented life. As for knowing anything about affairs, perish the thought. They need not soil their hands with mundane matters beyond endorsing checks occasionally, and even this may be turned over to private secretaries.

Thus will future generations become specialized spending cells, able to live off incomes or, if whimsical, off the interest of incomes, the source of which need not obtrude themselves upon their consciousnesses.

It is a gay prospect.

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HOME-OWNERS who care to furnish their new houses on the Club plan should consult the Club Secretary now, as this offer only holds good for the month of July, and a house cannot be furnished in a day.

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Write right now while the subject is in your mind.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE garden parties and receptions for the Quinquennial delegates were brought to a close by the large reception in the Parliament Buildings on Wednesday of last week, when a very gay scene was witnessed. The two Countesses, Grey and Aberdeen, were the cynosure of all eyes, Lady Grey wearing an exquisite pink gown and looking her very best, not anyone who saw her having the faintest idea that a dangerous disease had marked her for its victim. Scarlet fever is not a complaint often feared by grown people, but both Her Excellency and Captain Newton, A.D.C., have been taken with it, and the close of their Toronto visit is thought of with vain regrets by everyone.

Mrs. T. M. Harris, accompanied by her son, Mr. Lawrence Harris, has gone to her country place on Lake Simcoe. Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Crease have gone to England.

Miss Elsie Thorold spent last week with her sister, Mrs. Mabee in Rosedale, and left on Monday on a visit to Port Rowan with her mother and aunt.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. W. Lee and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McLean spent the week end in Muskoka at the Royal Muskoka Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Massey have rented their delightful Toronto Island home for the summer and are at the Royal Muskoka until the autumn. Mr. and Mrs. Worts Smart, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hyslop, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Hopkins, Mr. Billy Greening and Dr. Walter Wright are other Torontonians enjoying this salubrious resort. After the close of the quinquennial meeting of the Women's International Congress, Mrs. Sanford, of Hamilton invited all the delegates who did not take the trip to the Pacific Coast, to be her guests for the week-end in Muskoka, when Sans Souci was filled to the brim. The rest of the party were sent to the Royal Muskoka where Miss Vaux was deputy hostess for her aunt. The delegates were simply enraptured with the scenery and hospitality, and had no words to express their gratitude to the generous and thoughtful woman who had arranged so great a treat for the m. Italy, Germany, Hungary, Holland, Sweden, Great Britain and Ireland were represented in the Muskoka party. The ladies returned to Toronto on Monday and have since taken their various ways homeward. Dr. Vaux, Mrs. Sanford's brother, was a courteous and thoughtful assistant in looking after the Muskoka party. Mrs. J. E. Brown, of Toronto, went up with them to Muskoka as Mrs. Sanford's guests. This little excursion was a most happy wind up to what the delegates frankly call "The time of their lives."

A GREAT POLITICAL HOSTESS.
The Duchess of Sutherland, who gave a large reception to the Imperial Press delegates at Stafford House.

Many farewells and good wishes are being offered to Mrs. John D. Hay, who leaves with her children for a stay of some years in Europe very shortly.

Mrs. Lake has left for Saskatoon to visit her daughter, with whom she will make the trip to the Coast. Miss Anna Lake is visiting her sister, Mrs. Smith, in Michigan.

Mrs. Hugh Macdonald and Miss Bessie Macdonald arrived home from a long stay abroad last week, and Mrs. Macdonald had a severe fall some few days after reaching Toronto, which has been of most serious injury to her. At time of writing her family was feeling the gravest anxiety on her account.

Mr. P. D. McKellar, of Chatham, spent Dominion Day in Toronto.

Mrs. Septimus Denison and her daughters arrived out from England last week, and with Colonel Denison will spend the summer at their island in Muskoka. While in town, Mrs. Denison and the Misses Denison, were the guests of Colonel and Mrs. J. T. Delamere.

Mrs. and Miss Austin, of "Spadina," will spend the summer at Pront's Neck, Maine. Mrs. Salter, Mr. Jarvis and Miss Muriel Jarvis, will also be at Pront's Neck for the season. I believe they are all going down there together next Wednesday.

I hear that Senator and Mrs. Kerr are to take up their residence in Ottawa shortly, but have not quite confirmed the report. Should they do so, one of the beautiful homes on the hill would miss the attraction of a family party not often equalled in the kindly and sincere grace of hospitality.

Two Newfoundland ladies, the Mesdames Job, of St. John's, have been spending some days at the King Edward.

A regretful farewell was said on Monday to Canon and Mrs. Welch at the St. James' Rectory, and many of their friends called upon them for that purpose. The Canon has been very much beloved and appreciated by the congregation of St. James' Cathedral, and both he and his gentle wife leave warm friends in Toronto.

Major and Mrs. Keefer are going to Fenelon Falls. Mr. and Mrs. Braithwaite are going to England. Dr. and Mrs. James Cotton have gone to Windermere, Muskoka. Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie will spend the summer at the Algonquin, St. Andrews, N.B. Rev. G. Macbeth Milligan, D.D., has gone to Scotland for the vacation. Canon and Mrs. Welsh leave for England next week, and will reside in the Vicarage, Wakefield, to which living Canon Welch has been appointed. Mrs. A. H. Walker and her children are at De Grassi Point.

Mrs. Arthur Spragge left on Monday night for Golden, B.C., to spend the summer. Miss Florence Spragge went a few days earlier. Mrs. Hillyard Cameron is in Galt, visiting Miss Dickson.

Probably the last wedding of the season will be that of Miss Mae Hoskin and Mr. H. P. Jarvis, which takes place in Christ church, Deer Park, next Wednesday, July 14.

Rev. W. G. Donaldson, who has at Forfar, the second largest congregation in Scotland, is visiting his uncle, Mr. Wm. Galloway, 57 Bellevue avenue. He is accompanied by his father, Mr. Ebenezer Donaldson, of Kirkcaldy, and the old gentlemen are enjoying a grand time.

On June 23, in Plymouth Congregational church, Sherbrooke, Miss Lily Louise Dyer Morey, only daughter of the Chief Inspector Eastern Townships Banks, Mr. S. F. Morey, was married to Mr. Archibald Abercrombie Bowman, of Toronto. Rev. Archibald Bowman, father of the groom, officiated, assisted by Rev. G. Ellery Read. The bride was brought in and given away by her father and wore an artistic robe of Cream Canton crepe over satin, *en train*, with bertha of rose point and guimpe and sleeves of tucked net. The tulle veil was held by a crown of orange blossoms, and the boquet was of orchids and lily of the valley, *en cascades*. Mrs. Harry Hayes, of Arlington, Mass., was matron of honor. The best man was Mr. Robert G. Black, of Toronto, and the ushers were Messrs. F. Adams Briggs, Clement G. Hobson, Arthur R. Virgin and Alan Brooks Morkill. After the *dejeuner* at the home of the bride's father, Mr. and Mrs. Bowman left on their honeymoon, the bride travelling in a tailored grey cloth costume, and champagne blouse and hat trimmed with quills and black velvet. Mr. and Mrs. Bowman are coming to Toronto to reside.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Cockburn are going up to their summer residence in Muskoka, Birch Point, next week. They will not occupy their Sherbourne street residence on their return, but will probably go abroad for a time.

Mrs. R. F. Pieper, of Palo Alto, Cal., and her son, Mr. Fritz Pieper, are visiting Mrs. Wright in Pellham place, Rosedale. Mrs. Pieper has many old friends in Toronto who are always charmed to welcome her back.

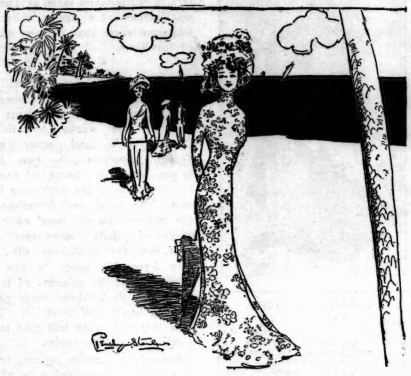
Mrs. Cawthra Mulock and her younger sister, Mrs. Douglas Young, are leaving for a short trip abroad next week.

On Wednesday afternoon, June 30, a pretty wedding was solemnized at 64 Alexander street, Toronto, the home of the Rev. and Mrs. Geo. A. Mitchell, when their only daughter, Miss Helena Gertrude Mitchell, was married to Mr. Francis Henry Reed, B.S.A. The father of the bride performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. R. W. Woodsworth. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. C. H. Mitchell, C.E., wore Duchess satin with rose point lace, veil and orange blossoms, and carried a large shower boquet of lily of the valley. She was attended by Miss Emma Kaufman, of Berlin, and Miss Lilian Jackes, of Toronto, cousin of the bride, who wore gowns of mauve and pink crystalline, and carried baskets of sweet peas. The best man was Mr. R. S. Hamer, of Perth. Guests were present from Glasgow, Ottawa, Hespeler and Georgetown. Mr. and Mrs. Reed left for a trip down the St. Lawrence, before starting for their home in Regina, Saskatchewan.

A pretty wedding was solemnized at Christ church, Deer Park, Toronto, on Monday, July 5, when Miss Edith Muriel Morphy, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Morphy, Avenue road, and granddaughter of the late Henry B. Morphy, D.C.L., was married to Mr. James Newall Bell, M.E., of Cobalt, son of the late John Bell, W.S., of Castlecreavie, Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland. The Rev. T. W. Patterson, rector, performed the ceremony. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore hand embroidered Brussels net over satin, and tulle veil arranged with a coronet of orange blossoms, and a pearl and amethyst pendant, the gift of the groom, and carried lily of the valley and sweet peas. Miss Jessie C. Webber, cousin of the bride, was her only attendant, and wore a dainty white embroidered mull with touches of palest pink, and a white hat with pink rosebuds, and carried a large boquet of Killarney roses. The groomsman was Mr. Reg. Morphy, of Montreal, brother of the bride. Only the immediate relatives were guests, the church being crowded with the many friends of the bride and family. The services at the church were fully choral and under the direction of Prof. Arlidge. Mrs. Morphy, mother of the bride wore a pale mauve silk poplin gown with mauve and green hat, and carried mauve sweet peas. A buffet luncheon was served at the home of the bride's parents, after which the happy couple left for Temagami, where they will spend their honeymoon before going to their home in Cobalt. The church was beautifully decorated with daisies and Canterbury bells by the bride's many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Fyler announce the engagement of their daughter, Aura, to Mr. Charles C. Tamblyn. The wedding to take place early in August.

The Vacation Girl of 1909 Will Find Her Equipment at EATON'S



In a fascinating array of new styles and qualities such as the exactness of seashore or summer resort demands. Wash Dresses, Whitewear, Outing Millinery, Canvas Shoes and Summer Oxfords, Boating Suits, Parasols, Hosiery, Ribbons, etc.

The **EATON** *standard of quality permits of only the most reliable merchandise, and as examples of the economy of* **EATON** *pricing we quote these few instances:*

Beautiful One-piece Dresses of Mull

Front and back of waist tucked in yoke effect and elaborately trimmed with lace insertion and medallions, sleeves entirely of tucks and lace insertion; skirt tucked and finished with lace; choice of white, sky, lavender. Price, $16.50. Other styles, $6.00, $6.50, $7.50, $10.00, $12.50 to $18.50.

Lingerie Hats

Fashion's most approved Headwear for the "Summer Girl." No millinery is quite so pretty and dainty with light summery dresses as the white lingerie, possessing cool, comfortable appearance so desirable in hot weather attire. Very effective styles may be seen in our show rooms at from $4.50 each to..... **9.00**

Silk Parasols

Latest Parisian novelties in fancy stripe effect; new shades of amethyst, rose, purple, navy, black and green; also Dresden designs, with fancy borders to match stripes in parasol; handles of the latest styles from New York and Paris. Each..... **5.00**

Low Tan Shoes

Russia Tan Calf Shoes for wear with muslin or silk dress or wash suit; Blucher cut, ribbon lace, Goodyear welted soles, Cuban heels; a dainty, cool, stylish shoe, easily kept clean and doesn't peel off; all sizes. Price, per pair **3.00**

Pretty Hosiery

Brilliant Lace Lisle Thread Hose, full fashioned, double sole, heel and toe, colors heliotrope, pink, sky, grey, red and black. Special ..... **.50**

Bathing Suits

Navy blue lustre; made with separate skirt, sailor collar of white lustre trimmed with rows of braid, finished with tie, pleated skirt trimmed with braid; sizes 32 to 42 inches. Price .. **2.50**

And Dainty Undermuslins

Women's Princess Slips, fine cotton, buttoned down back, one row of lace insertion on neck, lace beading and edge of fine lace, also ribbon draw, beading and ribbon draw at waist, skirt has deep flounce of lawn with two clusters of five tucks and two-inch ruffle of lace. Price **1.35**

Other Princess Slips, lace trimmed, $2.50 to $18. Embroidery trimmed, $2. to $12.50.

Corset Covers, lace or embroidery trimmed, 75c. to $3.25.

Drawers, lace or embroidery trimmed, 65c. to $6.

Skirts, lace or embroidery trimmed, from 75c. to $23.50.

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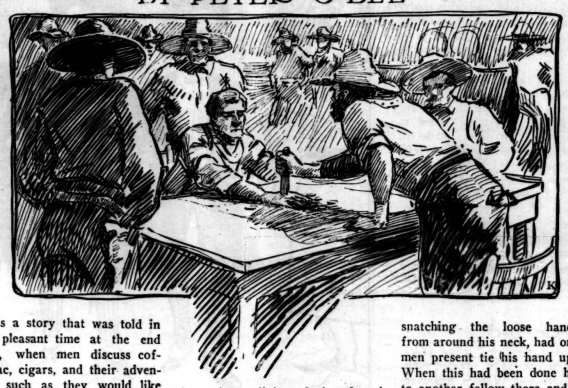
THE WEST THAT WAS

BY PETER O'DEE



THIS is a story that was told in the pleasant time at the end of dinner, when men discuss coffee, cognac, cigars, and their adventures—or such as they would like to have had. It may be, of course, that like so many other alleged chronicles of actual events, it has little foundation in fact. It may be that it is merely an evidence of unsuspected power of imagination on the part of "Wattie the Meek." But no one could doubt its truth who heard him tell it, as we did, in a low, jerky monotone, with the perspiration breaking out on his face as he reached the final tragedy. If he was lying, he certainly is a master at it. And no one ever knew the Meek Man to be a master at anything except engineering and such.

There were four of us around the table in the grill room, and we had been swapping yarns. The conversation turned then to the wild west show that had been in town a week or so before.

"It's about a time," said one of the party, "that all this poppycock about the wild and woolly west should be cut out. Everyone who has ever been out west knows that the Buffalo Bill kind of west never existed except in the wuzzy imaginations of a bunch of nature-fakers. The west is made up of a lot or plain, ordinary citizens, who go about their business quietly, and are about as likely to tote a battleaxe as a gun. Of course there are———"

But this is where the Meek Man broke in—or rather slid into the conversation. We always called him the Meek Man, because as a rule he said little and invariably wore a mild and propitiating expression.

"Yes, yes—there is a lot in what you say, Henry," he ventured, "but you must remember that the west wasn't always what it is to-day. Now when I was down in Arizon' at the time they built the S. P.——"

The rest of us interrupted rudely. But who ever heard of little Meekness down in Arizon', as he called it?

"Hullo! what the devil were you doing down there?" asked one.

"Draw it mild, sonny, consider our weak nerves," suggested another.

He smiled deprecatingly.

'That's all right, boys, but I was down there for two long and infernal years doing some engineering. And all this talk about the wild and woolly west has reminded me of an incident that I witnessed there. I wouldn't want to see the like again for all the money there is. But if you fellows would like to hear it—" he looked around enquiringly.

"Hear! hear! Mr. Speaker."

"Lay it on, Wattie, and cursed be he who says too thick."

With this flattering evidence of public encouragement, he began:

"It was at an end-camp on the Southern Pacific, which they were then pushing across the plains. You know these end-camps. Wages are good, but the ways of getting rid of them are bad. Booze-joints, dance-halls and gambling lay-outs flourish at a place like that. It was in a faro-bank that the thing happened. I dropped in one evening—nothing else to do. But I wouldn't take a hand in the game. I just stood around and had a few drinks and looked on.

"The fellow who ran the plant was an infernal scoundrel known to the camp as 'Billy the Gambler.' He was a pock-marked little cuss with a pale, villainous face and the cruelest eyes I ever saw. And nothing ever walked or crawled or flew that he was afraid of. In fact he had the reputation of being the nerviest man in camp, and nervy men were fairly plentiful there. He was also supposed to be a pretty square gambler, but I couldn't say about that. I don't know just how square any man is who makes a living playing faro in cold blood against a lot of drunken fools.

"Well, this night the game was going full blast as usual. Billy was sitting there playing away, as cool and as ugly as a heathen god; and just across the table from him sat a big, blustering, black-haired ruffian, whom I had frequently seen about the camp. He was known as 'Black George,' and was a cow-puncher of the district. They used to come in occasionally and raise general hell around. This fellow was the bully of the range there, because he was big and strong and ferocious, and also because he usually fought with a knife. It's a funny thing, but those westerners feared a knife a whole lot more than a gun. Perhaps because it was quicker at close range, or because it was noiseless, or on account of the ugly wounds it made. But anyway a knife-fighter was apt to be given a wide berth, even by men who weren't much more afraid of a pointed gun than of a pointed finger. So 'Black George' was recognized as a bad man, and he used to swagger and bully around the camp till half the men in it itched to drop him.

"I don't know what kept me watching the game—just idleness I suppose. Or perhaps it was a dim feeling of trouble in the air. I had seen enough of fatal rows to have developed a kind of morbid interest—something like what you fellows would feel for a dog fight. I didn't like them, but they fascinated me. If I saw one coming I had to wait for it. At any rate I stood there and watched Billy, who was dealing, rake in the coin from George and the others. The cow-puncher had been drinking and he was growing more and more sullen and dangerous-looking. But the little gambler paid no attention to his bad humor, and went right on pulling in the gold and silver."

Wattie relit his cigar, which had gone out, and took a few, short nervous puffs at it before he started again. We sat there quietly waiting, for his tone had impressed us and no one felt like interrupting.

"At last there was a big, fat stake on the table," he continued, "and you could see the eagerness of the players in their eyes and the strained slowness of their movements. 'Black George's' face grew almost purple, and the sweat stood out on it in big beads. Only Billy was perfectly cool. But perhaps that was because he felt sure of the result. Anyway the luck was with the bank, and when the play was made Billy reached forward with his right hand, to rake in the lost bets, and drawled: 'Well, gents, I reckon the dross comes to me.'

"But the cow-puncher in a sudden fury had leaped to his feet, drawn the bowie from his belt, and in an instant pinned the gambler's hand to the table, driving the blade down through the tendons and the palm. And then he stood with his hand on the haft, his left travelling slowly back for his gun, as the rest of us broke away from around them. But there wasn't any need. Billy sat there like an eastern yogi on a bed of spikes, and never made a move, though his jaw was gripped tight and his eyes were narrowed down to slits. Finally the cow-boy spoke.

"'Will I put it out, pard?' he grunted.

"This was an invitation to the gambler to show his purpose, but Billy merely said, 'Never mind,' and reaching forward with his left hand jerked the knife out and threw it back to its owner. Then he squeezed the blood out of the wound and, snatching the loose handkerchief from around his neck, had one of the men present tie his hand up tightly. When this had been done he turned to another fellow there and said:

"'Deal for me, Kansas, will you?'

"The rest of us looked at one another in astonishment as the fellow called Kansas took Billy's place and the game started in again. We could hardly believe it possible that Billy would let the cow-punching bully steal the stakes that way and sit down to the game again with a kind of sneering laugh. But there it was before our eyes; and though we didn't care for Billy, we hated 'Black George,' and it made us feel sick and disgusted that he should be allowed to get away with it. But the gambler never gave any sign. He just drew a chair up alongside the fellow who was dealing for him, and sat watching the game as silent and as glum as a mummy. The cow-boy was in great fettle and started in to bet recklessly, and as a natural result the luck began to go against him once more.

"I stayed on and watched the progress of the game, as did a lot of others who were drawn by the size and recklessness of the cowboy's bets, and also perhaps by the knowledge that he had made Billy back down. But I had a feeling that something was going to happen. I realized that the gambler hadn't had a chance to defend himself—the other's attack had been so sudden. Besides his right hand was disabled, and he always wore his gun on that side in a holster hidden under his coat. But I kept an eye on him now, and I noticed that while holding his right hand conspicuously in view he was slowly hitching his belt about with the left. In this way, while everyone was watching the board where the puncher was throwing away his stolen gains, the gambler was working his gun around to where he could get at it quick.

"I suppose that when Fate is just about to bring her fist down on a man and crush him out of existence, she first drives him crazy. That is the only way I can explain why that bloody ruffian, 'Black George' thought he could pull off the same game twice. Just as before, the dealer reached forward to rake in a big stake from the board. And on the instant the cow-puncher jumped to his feet and grabbed his knife. There was a sharp crack, and a thin coil of smoke went up from the edge of the table where Billy was resting the barrel of the gun in his left hand. The cowboy bounded into the air backwards and went down over his chair clutching wildly at the breast of his shirt. And then he lay there on the floor, and drew two or three long, horrible, whistling breaths through his clenched teeth. His hands were still at his breast, and the knife had cut through his woollen shirt into the flesh. There was a convulsive shudder, and then he lay still. We all stood around in a big circle looking at the thing on the floor, till Billy bent over it and taking hold of the loose shirt collar with his left hand, dragged the body into a corner. He picked up a folded saddle cloth, shook it out, and threw it over the dead puncher. Then he turned to the rest of us.

"'Gents,' he said, in his usual professional tone, 'there's room for another player.'"

"Have you got any of this new kind of whisky that won't make man drunk?" "Yes, sir." "Well give me a quart of the other kind."—Boston Traveler.

Mary—I wonder why swells wear an eyeglass? Jane—Why, to block up one eye, so that they shall see jus as much as they can understand at a time.—Christian Endeavor World.

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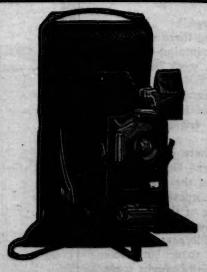

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FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

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Vol. 22 TORONTO, CANADA, JULY 10, 1909. No. 39

Points About People

Headquarters for Fanatics.

VISITORS from other parts in Canada are apt to look upon Toronto as the headquarters for all the cranks and busy bodies of the universe. Their attitude is one of mingled amusement and scorn for a populace, otherwise progressive and intelligent, which puts up with so much espionage. A Montrealer who was in town for the golf tournament was driven to peals of laughter and derision by the fact that for the absolutely harmless act of selling a stranger a cigar on Sunday a druggist was prosecuted and obliged to resort to the subterfuge of pleading that a cigar was a drug. It is hardly fair to blame all this on Toronto, although citizens at large unquestionably do endure with a patience worthy of Job the irritating whims of a small but very noisy section of the community.

The fact of the matter is that Toronto is the headquarters of all the fanaticism in the Dominion. All the morality inspectors of the country have their head offices here.

The morality inspector is a modern institution peculiar to Canada. Formerly the churches were content to save people by pastoral ministration; by working on the conscience and teaching the gospel. Latterly, however, a movement has sprung to coerce humanity in bulk to follow a number of courses and to submit to restrictions which have nothing whatever to do with Christianity.

The Methodist body supports a morality inspector in the person of Rev. S. D. Chown; the Presbyterians a year or so ago followed suit and put Rev. J. G. Shearer on the job; Rev. T. Albert Moore is the busy bee who improves each shining hour by buzzing round for the Lord's Day Alliance; Rev. Ben. H. Spence hot-foots it in Ontario for the Dominion Alliance; and there are others. Now these are estimable gentlemen, but the very essence of the contract is to find wickedness and talk about it. They are far from being Holy Willies, though a number of the lawyers who hang onto their coat tails and make trouble for innocent people and fees for themselves merit that appellation.

When Rev. S. D. Chown goes west it is his duty and interest to find vice rampant. If he came back and reported that he found conditions normal and the people decent and law-abiding it would mean that the organization which pays him would say:

"Oh, well, you had better take a charge."

He wouldn't be earning his salary and there would be no more pleasant trips through the mountains for him. He would have to write two sermons a week instead of three or four a year.

The same thing would happen to Rev. J. G. Shearer, who had a long training as sleuth-hound for the Lord's Day Alliance before the Presbyterians engaged him to nose out wickedness in hidden places.

In the early days of New England there was actually an official known as the Witch-Finder General, and though belief in witch-craft has died out the system has been revived with us to all intents and purposes. To cite a typical instance: A bank clerk in one of the towns in the mineral sections of Ontario went out with a pal or two to a small lake in the nearby wilderness to camp over Sunday. It was a harmless thing to do but criminal instincts overcame them. They actually caught some fish and cooked it for their dinner. They even lay round and smoked and had a swim and then caught some more fish and returned to their duties Monday morning feeling fine. They told their friends in the village what a pleasant time they had had, and by some means the tidings was conveyed two hundred miles to Toronto. The result was a letter from Rev. T. Albert Moore to the bank clerk in question, in which he reminded him that it was unlawful to use various implements including "engines" for catching fish on Sunday and magnanimously stating that if the young man would give his written pledge not to fish on Sunday again he would not be prosecuted. This sounds like romance, but it is literally true.

For a time it was the custom with these gentlemen to vie each other in self-advertisement. The city editors of the daily papers would be asked to send up and get an item. When the reporter called he would be handed a question-and-answer interview, in which it was made to appear that the representative of the journal (blank left for the name of the particular newspaper) had been most solicitous to learn of the recent exploits of the reverend gentleman. One by one the city editors tumbled to the game, and the interviews found their way to the pulp mill by the waste basket route. Now they have ceased to waste the time of their stenographers with such missives but their work goes merrily on.

Naturally non-residents, hearing so much of these things, fancy that all Torontonians are tarred with the same stick.

She Didn't Go Back.

MISS AGNES LAUT, whose address on "yellow journals" and how they may be got rid of, created such a stir at the International Congress of Women, has ever been noted as one with views of her own and with a courage of her convictions. In Winnipeg she is remembered as a delicate girl with definite opinions and an independent spirit that entirely belied her looks. One of those who expected great things for Miss Laut was the late Rev. Dr. King, principal of Manitoba College, under whose eye she came as a student. Dr. King was noted as a discoverer of men, and his predictions in regard to Miss Laut have been fulfilled.

When Miss Laut left Winnipeg to try her fate in the big world of journalism and literature, there were not wanting those who predicted that she would soon be back at her desk in The Free Press office. Her first work was the reporting of the meetings of the Joint High Commission in Quebec, and in this she succeeded in a way that ranked her work with that of the ablest Ottawa and Washington correspondents. From that time her rise has been steady, and though she has several times visited Winnipeg, she has evinced no tendency to occupy her old desk.

Telephones at Osgoode Hall.

OSGOODE HALL slumbered for half a century or more, so far as telephones and other modern equipment were concerned, and then it awoke or was awakened, whichever you prefer.

A young man came to Osgoode Hall. He was J. A. C. Cameron, and like other wise men, he came from the east. He hailed from Cornwall, to succeed the late Neil McLean as referee and clerk to the Master-in-Ordinary.

It occurred to him that new office furniture would be a good thing, and, likewise, improved ventilation. He got 'em. Then he asked for a telephone.

"Why, people will bother you to death," he was told.

"That's all right," he answered, easily. "It's a good thing to be stirred up."

Mr. Cameron's telephone, the first business hello machine in Osgoode, was installed. There were three 'phones at Osgoode, but they belonged to the Law Society. Then, after the Cameron innovation, came the definite decision by the Government to equip the various offices with telephones.

And the Public Works department in Queen's Park has not only placed the order, but the work is nearing completion.

What He Was Having.

A VERY familiar and also rather picturesque figure in Montreal newspaperdom passed away recently, when William Jarvis—the boys all knew him as "Bill"—handed in his last report to the great Editor-in-Chief. And now wherever newspapermen get together in Montreal, stories are told of "Bill" Jarvis and his many amusing and kindly peculiarities. One of the best of these yarns is to the effect that he once went into a restaurant in Montreal, where two other newspaperites were eating oysters.

"Come on and have some oysters, Bill," they invited.

Bill didn't care if he did, and in a few moments a half dozen Malpecques were laid out before him. The other men were using Tabasco on theirs, and Bill picked up the bottle. Without noticing what he was doing, he simply deluged one of his oysters with the fiery stuff and gathering it up put it in his mouth. Immediately he made a wild dash for the bar.

"Water! water!" he gasped.

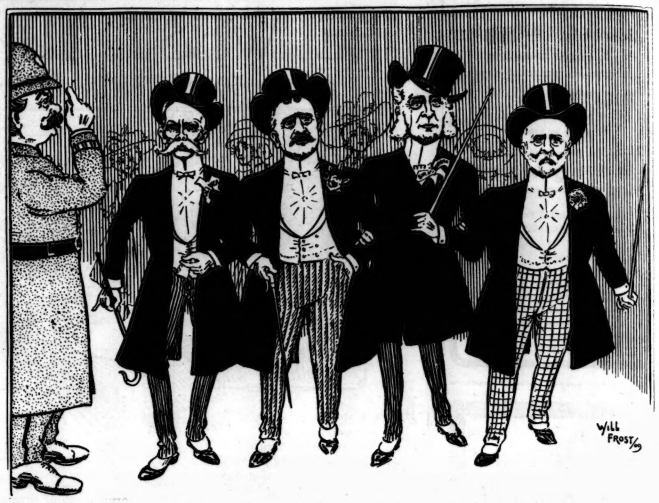
The bar-keep hastened up and inquired politely; "What will you have, sir—Radnor or Caledonia or—?"

But Bill couldn't stand it a moment longer.

"Oh, you fool," he roared, "any kind—any kind that's wet!"

William Jarvis was one of the oldest and best known survivors in Montreal of the journalism of a generation ago. He had in his time been connected in one way or another with a number of the men and events which have made the history of Montreal and Eastern Canada. His remarkable memory preserved all these experiences, and he was thus able to make very interesting a "Thirty Years Ago" column on one of the Montreal dailies. In this connection it may be said that he had been a bosom friend of the late Fred Perry, who came into prominence at the time of the burning of the Parliament Buildings in Montreal. And, though he never countenanced the report, it is said that William Jarvis was one of the last of those who knew the real story of the famous destruction of these buildings in the forties.

GEORGE CUMMINGS. KARL KEFFER.
The runner-up and the open champion in the Golf Tournament on the Toronto Links.



Walking Up and Down.

Four little men from overseas
Landed in London town,
They went to talk of such things as these:
Dreadnoughts and hands across the seas,
And loyalty of colonies;
But when they wanted to take their ease,
They just walked up and down.

There is a street called Piccadilly,
There in old London town,
The girls that walk it would knock you silly,
You'd have to love them willy-nilly,
Their manners, too, are quite far from chilly,
And so when the world was going lily,
The four walked up and down.

Thus when fierce old dogs of the sea
Laughed there in London town,
And spoke of the navy mockingly
Whose Admiral Freddie Borden should be,
Sir Frederick would say to the other three,
"Come, line up, boys, and have one on me,
As we walk up and down."

Time goes swiftly by, they say,
There in old London town,
But Brodeur, Fielding, and Oliver, they
Travelled with Frederick the great white way,
And he pointed them out the ladies gay,
"Gee, but ain't they the peaches, eh?"
As the four walked up and down.

POD.

Oil for the Streets.

THE writer overheard a lady who lives near Queen's Park, tell another that the street department had put coal oil on her street, to which her friend replied: "You call it coal oil, down east we call it paraffine." Under either name it smells as sweet, but the two ladies, having in mind a certain refined product of petroleum, which has to conform to certain tests before it can be sold for use in lamps, should have called it kerosene. Before the discovery of large deposits of petroleum and economical methods of handling it, illuminating oil was distilled from bituminous shale, and thus "coal oil" was a correct colloquial term. Paraffine is an entirely different product of petroleum, but as the name is also sometimes applied to the entire series of the products of petroleum, paraffine oil is about as near the right term as coal oil. Kerosene may yet be abolished altogether through the increased use of gas and electricity but the crude stuff apparently must be sprinkled on our streets until ratepayers loosen up and consent to lay asphalt pavements.

Educating New Yorkers.

MR. Alex. Lewis, of The Toronto Evening Telegram, took a trip down to New York a couple of weeks ago, and while there he did what he could to educate the inhabitants of Gotham. He had occasion to go from his hotel to a steamship pier to meet an incoming liner, and he asked the steamship clerk the quickest way to get there. Later on in the day Alex. approached the same man at the desk and said:

"I asked you the quickest way to get to the Cunard pier this morning, and you told me to go to Astor Place and then transfer. I can tell you a much quicker route. Get on a Madison avenue car to Fourteenth street, and the Fourteenth street cross-town line takes you right there."

The desk man reached for a map, pored over it for a minute or two and then remarked:

"Right you are; I'll remember it after this."

In the course of the same visit, the newspaper man got chatting with one of the heads of the departments at Wanamaker's big store. The latter told the visitor about the new annex, and about the size of the place and other statistics. After listening for some time Mr. Lewis remarked:

"You have a great place here. If you keep on growing you will some day be as big as Eaton's"; and left his man flabbergasted.

Thought They Were all Suffragettes.

DURING the closing days of the recent International Congress of Women a Toronto young lady who happened to be on one of the Niagara boats was discussing the affair and expressed the regret that she had not attended any of the meetings, adding that she would like to have seen "one of those Suffragettes, just to find out what they looked like." Much to her chagrin a portly and impressive lady who was sitting near turned indignantly and in a crushing manner said:

"Take a good look at *me*. Do I look like anything but an Englishwoman? Do I look like some strange animal? Are you satisfied?"

The glare of the stranger took away the breath of the young woman for a moment, but being a Canadian girl with a pleasant smile and a tactful manner she extricated herself from the situation by a rather gauzy explanation that she had the highest respect for the courage of the women who were conducting the campaign for the "rights" of all the sex. In fact she equivocated so effectively that the Englishwoman was modified and proceeded to explain that in England there were two kinds of women's righters, the militant wing known as Suffragettes and the argumentative wing, the members of which call themselves Suffragists. Nevertheless, the young woman was glad when the interview closed, having had a taste of what the British cabinet minister goes up against who has an interview with either wing of the movement.

The scene in the Enclosure if our fashions continue to advance along existing lines.

His "Ancestral Home."

THE ensuing tale is the veracious narrative of a Canadian who has achieved a position of some note where he has been resident for a number of years. A few years ago, after he had made a name for himself in the Motherland, he came back to Canada on a visit, and, after spending a pleasant time in most of the larger cities, concluded to take a week's loaf in the village where he was born. The inhabitants were highly pleased, and one lady who had the most beautiful home in the place gave an elaborate garden party in his honor.

The house was a fine one in the old-fashioned style with wide verandas, climbing roses, and exquisite vines; surrounding it were well-kept lawns charmingly dotted with shrubbery. One of the hostess's sons was an amateur photographer of exceptional skill, and it was decided to take a picture of the distinguished guest amid these surroundings which were much more imposing than the house where the future great man was born. The latter was highly pleased and requested that a copy of the picture be given him.

A week or so later, much to the surprise of the lady who owned the beautiful abode, a picture appeared in the magazine supplement of a Canadian newspaper showing the distinguished visitor "on the steps of his ancestral home" as the title of the cut put it. Needless to say the picture was the same as that which had been taken on her lawn. She wrote to the paper in question explaining the mistake, but it was not corrected.

Subsequent investigation showed that ten thousand copies of the paper had been shipped to England for distribution among the constituents of the successful colonial.

Another Letter from Europe.

THE following letter, like several others by the same correspondent which have appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT lately by a fortunate arrangement, was not written for publication, but is much more interesting and informing than the average, formal travel article. It contrasts Austrian and German life, and deals chiefly with Vienna:

DUSSELDORF, GERMANY, June 3, 1909.

Dusseldorf is looking simply beautiful. It is certainly most lovely city and it seems very, very good to get back here again. Yesterday was like a day in August and we had a thunder storm at night and to-day is almost cool.

I am thankful to say that since our trip from Dusseldorf to Vienna we have found most comfortable sleepers. They are putting on many German carriages now and I think we will soon be altogether rid of the dirty, old-fashioned sleeping carriages. The modern ones are really beautiful, but at present used almost exclusively on the "train de luxe" as they call them—the very fast through trains, for which they charge almost double fare. These are very preferable to our American cars, as one has practically one's own room and a wash room attached to almost every compartment. The meals are also excellent, so it makes travelling in that way very comfortable. The trains in Europe are always on time almost to a second, which is also convenient. It do not see how they manage to be so prompt. No one is allowed any luggage free in Europe. We paid thirteen dollars excess luggage on our trunks going from here to Vienna, consequently we left our large trunks and my hat box in Vienna, and are travelling each with a steamer trunk. Even then in coming from Vienna to Dusseldorf it cost us about six dollars for our luggage. Perhaps I am not quite right when I say they do not allow any luggage free with one's ticket in Europe. They do not in France or Austria, but do allow a few pounds—about the weight of one empty trunk—on each ticket in Germany. It is a great nuisance and accounts for the quantity of hand luggage carried by people in Europe.

The porter system is wonderful. As there are numbers of porters at each train, your hand luggage is handed right out of the window to them and it is wonderful how much they carry at one time, of course this means a tip, but one is so thankful to pay it, and the tipping is not as much as it would be for the same amount of work in America. These porters also take your luggage out of your carriage, check trunks, etc., and you find your hand baggage safely stowed away in your compartment, so that all is very easy.

Vienna is certainly a very fine city, but I was quite disappointed in it—it is like a big country town, compared to Paris. They have some beautiful buildings, including many old, old churches, that chill you to the very bone on entering and fairly reek with mold and musty smells. The Prawder, where all the fashionable driving is done is of course beautiful, but the approach to it is through an ugly part of the city. It is wonderful, however, when you reach it, miles and miles of driveways running through beautiful parks and wooded country and four rows of chestnut trees, which meet in an arch overhead all along. We drove out there two afternoons and it was a grand sight to see the carriages and people.

The Vienna women are very smart in their dress and much resemble the Parisian women, being very different from the German Frau, who is almost without exception hopelessly dowdy and has no idea of the harmony of colors, etc.

We were in Vienna for the flower parade on the Prawder and it was a wonderful sight; all the carriages were decorated with flowers, usually artificial, but the effect was beautiful. We drove out and watched it all from the side as only decorated carriages were allowed in the procession. There were hundreds of them and thousands of people watching.

The Vienese are very light hearted and all seem to live for the fun they can get out of life. They have wonderful coffee houses, and they begin to sit about at eleven o'clock. In the afternoon these places are packed with people who do seem to be having a jolly time, wherever possible there are tables and chairs out on the side paths too. They are a great people for living in the open air.

Vienna is surrounded on the outskirts by these open air restaurants, many of which are very pretty, with pretty trees and flowers and always a band playing. The public parks are very fine and the gardens very beautiful, but usually situated behind some old palace and only reached by going through an old gateway and old building, where one would little expect to see anything pretty. Then, suddenly, one of these beautiful gardens opens out before your eye. Then they are principally the old palatial gardens, now opened to the public and much enjoyed, especially by the nurse maids, babies, and people who are seeking a quiet nook away from the noise and bustle of the city. They are perfectly grand in many instances, and quite different from anything I have ever seen in America, but they would beautify the city much more were they not hidden away in these corners.

The shops have many beautiful things in them, but everything is very expensive—quite as much so as in New York. Shopping is distracting I think, as the government does not allow any large department stores, and each shop only carries its own specialty, which entails endless running about from shop to shop.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany were in Vienna the first two days after our arrival and received a great ovation. The city was decorated with German and Austrian flags, bunting, flowers, etc. I saw them twice as they drove right beside me. The Emperor was driving with the heir apparent of Austria, the first time I saw him, and in the afternoon drove with dear old Franz Joseph, whom I was so glad to see. He is a fine looking old man, but begins to look very old, he is dearly beloved by all his subjects. The German Emperor and Empress are both just exactly like their pictures—both fine looking; the Empress has beautiful snow white hair, and is handsome but not pretty.

The Emperor Franz Joseph's stables are one of the sights of Vienna and must run for three or four blocks—a low, yellow building near the palace. He has almost no horses but these beautiful snow white ones, some with docked, some with long flowing tails that look like bunches of silver floss. They are of a very rare breed and he must have hundreds of them, one can generally see a royal carriage coming a long way off. The liveries of the coachmen and footmen are fawn colored broadcloth, with bright yellow vests, embroidered with gold and black cocked hats also embroidered with gold. Many of them wear numbers of medals, I suppose for years of faithful service.

We went out to the Imperial summer residence Schonbruem twice, it is not far from the city. The palace was built by Maria Teresa and contains one thousand four hundred and forty-one rooms. It is of great historical interest as Napoleon's only son, the Duke of Reichstadt, died there. About twenty-three years after, his father was once a guest there. The park is, I think, the most wonderful I have ever seen except Versailles, words almost fail to describe its beauty and it is open to the public very often. There are also splendid botanical and zoological gardens.

Notwithstanding all this, we are glad to get back to dear old substantial Germany—the Austrians are so inferior to them in almost every way. They are not nearly as honest, or half as clean and tidy. They are terribly overtaxed people, so much so that I wonder they stand it. Vienna to me had one peculiarity. I did not see one private house while I was there, the people all live in apartments, and poor ones at that. This was explained to us by the fact that the landlord must pay to the government in taxes just half what his rent is; for example, if he rents an apartment for 200 Kronens ($40 in our money) a month, he must pay 100 Kronens to the government, the consequence being that even the wealthy cannot afford to live in private houses. I have been told that all the palaces belonging to the nobility are exempt from taxation, but that seems too unjust to be true, and I greatly doubt it.

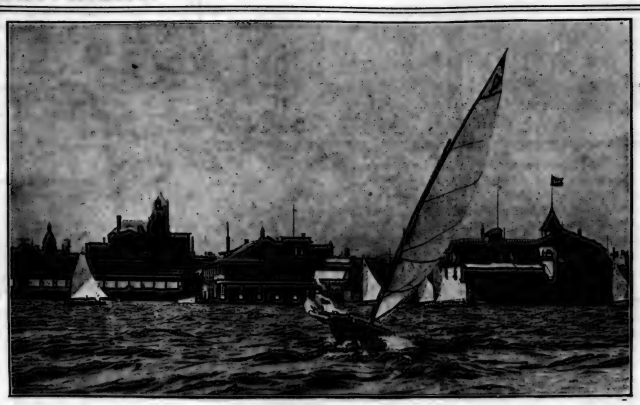
The tipping in Austria is dreadful. Every one has his hand out, and it is simply distracting. There are always three waiters to be tipped—the head waiter who takes your order, the one who brings you your meals, and the other who changes the dishes, and the one who does the least work gets the largest tip. When they bring your bill they ask you how many pieces of bread you have, and you are charged with each piece, also extra for butter; but butter is extra in Germany also.

We had a lovely peep at Carlsbad, and it is the one place at which I really wanted to stay. It is simply beautiful. The town is situated in a basin surrounded on all sides by grand wooded hills. The town itself is one mass of hotels, bath-houses, springs, etc., but the surrounding country is lovely. The hotel Pupp, where we stayed is a splendid house. It is huge, and filled to the attic during the season. Just as we arrived I heard an American guest asking if there was not some place near the door where he could leave his overcoat, without having to walk five miles to his room to get it each time. Everyone rises early in Carlsbad, and the town is alive with people going to the springs to drink the water at five o'clock a.m., as sometimes they have to drink as much as eight or ten glasses with an interval of fifteen minutes between each glass before they eat breakfast. The Sprudle Salts and Water Pavillion is wonderful, a huge glass structure with seats down the centre and sides, finely decorated with palms, etc., at one side, a large band stand where the band plays from 6 a.m to 8 a.m. At another end is the huge spring, boiling out of the ground, here stand girls in white rubber suits. You go up with your glass and hand it to the girl when your turn comes. She puts it on the end of a pole about three yards long and holds it in the boiling water until the glass is full. Then off you go with your glass and walk round sipping the water while the band plays. M.B.

They're Coming Along.

SO little does the Associated Press regard cable tolls that it pays for the information from St. Petersburg that the Russian post office has established the twenty-four hour notation, a system which has been in use for twenty-five years on the Canadian government railways, the Western Division of the C.P.R., and some western railways of the United States.

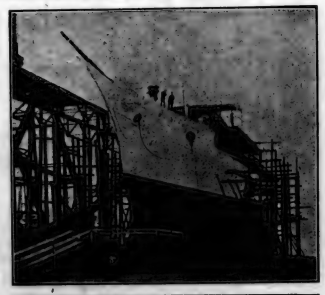
This shows that the Russians will be up to date in some things, even if their calendar is some thirteen days behind. Perhaps after a while the whole Russian population will begin to talk about thirteen and fourteen o'clock, as do the people of such railway towns as Moncton and Moosejaw, where dances begin at 19.30, and evening calls terminate at 23.

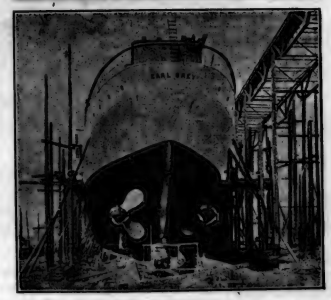


LAKE SAILING SKIFF ASSOCIATION RACES.

Another Ice-Breaker.

THE Lady Grey, the ice-breaker of the Dominion Government, is to be given a consort, and the Earl Grey has just been launched from the shipbuilding yards of the Vickers Company at Barrow-in-Furness. The new boat marks a considerable advance in size and speed, and it is hoped that it will prove even more successful than the Lady Grey, though the older boat has done good work in her three years of existence. Although the new vessel is built very powerfully and with a special view





to the breaking of ice, the makers promise that she will be able to make seventeen knots an hour. The Earl Grey is 250 feet long and 47 feet wide. The machinery is of the triple-expansion three-crank type, and the shafting and working parts are of much more than the usual strength. In view of the fact that the mode of operation for ice-breakers is to run up on the ice-floes and crush them down by sheer weight, the new vessel is fitted with tanks so that its weight can be increased according to the requirements of the work. The pumps for these tanks can handle 250 tons of water an hour. Besides being thus adapted for the hardest kind of work, the Earl Grey is also fitted up to serve as a Government yacht on occasion. Altogether it should prove a very valuable boat for any kind of service.

Mr. Morse and the G.T.P.

WHEN some months ago Mr. Frank W. Morse resigned from the position of general manager and vice-president of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, he caused something of a sensation, and ever since there have been speculations as to reasons for his action. He has just returned to America from Europe, but before he left England he was interviewed by The Liverpool Journal of Commerce, and is reported to have expressed himself as follows:

"I am still more strongly convinced than ever that this line will be a great success, and I feel that the people who have charge of this work will achieve all I ever hoped for—and more. At least, that is my sincerest wish. The Grand Trunk shareholders should be alive to the fact that they virtually own a transcontinental road which will be of the greatest service to the original system. I have the best of authority for stating that the parts of the line now in operation are securing traffic far in excess of expectations. The people have been settled along the line in advance of the road, and new developments of the Lake Superior branch in the way of mining interest is emphasized by the number of trains carrying prospectors into these districts."

Asked as to the desirability of forming a Canadian board for the Grand Trunk Railway Company, of which much was said at the last meeting of the company, Mr. Morse said:

"In my opinion intelligent knowledge of the exact conditions of affairs on the spot is essential in organizations of commerce, warfare, or science, if success is to be obtained. If it can be demonstrated that 3,000 miles away from the basis of a project, the welfare of that project at that point is being worked smoothly and sympathetically, then there is no reason to decentralize management. In the case of the Grand Trunk it remains for the owners of the property to decide upon the wisdom or otherwise of the centralization of control in London. Personally, I feel that we might enhance the progress of this great railroad by the establishment of a Canadian board, which, being on the spot, knowing alike the policy of the general committee and the local conditions to be dealt with, could act promptly and in harmony with the committee in London. I think there is ample illustration of this fact in the successful management of United States railroads which, while carrying great quantities of British capital, are managed exclusively in America. You have also the Canadian Pacific Railway, and ultra-Canadian Imperial line, with its stocks sold throughout the world, and administered entirely in Canada. It may seem strange, but is none the less true, that Grand Trunk stocks are not listed in Canada to encourage Canadian investors. I certainly feel that if a Canadian board were established, and worked earnestly and, as I know it would be, in harmony with the general committee, the great measure of success which the railroad has already attained would be immensely enhanced, to the mutual welfare of England and Canada and the owners of the property. That such further progress will be attained is my sincere belief and my devout hope."

A Man of Weight.

PEOPLE in many Ontario towns know Mr. Holland, of Whitby, who has done such excellent work as grand Organizer of the Sons of Temperance. Mr. Holland is a big man—not only big in achievement, but big in person. He related on one of his tours how he had gone into a certain place to be weighed, but as the scales went up to only two hundred and fifty pounds, he could not succeed.

One time he went to the little village of Port Robinson, where the lodge was presided over by a demure but droll Worthy Patriarch. After the customary preliminaries Mr. Holland was admitted, and as he made his ponderous way to the platform the halting Worthy Patriarch remarked dryly:

"Well! they told me Holland was coming, but I think it's all of Holland and part of Belguim."

A Difficult Task.

A GOOD story is told of Rev. Dr. Sipprell, president of Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C., and a great exponent of Methodism on the British Columbia coast. Dr. Sipprell is possessed of the silver tongue, and his flowery sermons and addresses are the pride of Methodist hearts.

On a recent trip through the Rockies, returning from a visit east, the doctor was enjoying, for the first time, the grandeur of the Canadian mountains. He was talking to a little coterie of admiring friends.

"Ah!" he said rapturously, waving his arm oratorically toward a collossal pile of rock, "What would we find friends, were we to delve to the bottom of yon wondertul mountain?"

"Humph!" ejaculated a brakeman who overheard the remark, "You'd find a —— of a lot of hard work."

The Perfect Philosopher.

By JAMES P. HAVERSON.

I think the deepest sort of thinks
When I imbibe the deepest drinks,
And I am sure no one has thunk
Such thoughts as those I think when drunk.

Then all the troubles of mankind
Are trifles to my lofty mind.
And I have always set them right
Before I've gone to bed at night.

With smiling eyes, I view the earth,
I *know* that I'm a man of worth,
I feel so wise you *couldn't* be
Much more than *half* as wise as me.

Ah, nevermore should railroad wrecks
Nor street cars break the people's necks;
The "isms" that make churches war,
I'd solve 'twixt puffs of my cigar.

And lots of bigger things than these,
I've straightened out with utmost ease—
I wish I'd known old Solomon,
To kid him would have been such fun.

Woman's the worst of all I've heard,
And hard to handle—how absurd!
So very simple it would be
If men would only come to *me*.

I thought away ten wars last night,
Set half a dozen judges right;
I made four airships that would fly
And did away with Death and I
Was not *half* drunk last night.

The Meadowbrook Polo Team.

IF there was one trophy on which English gentlemen athletes prided themselves especially, it was the International Polo Cup, and therefore the recent victory of the American polo team was as much a disappointment as a surprise. And that is saying a great deal, for no one really expected the American team to win. It was generally known that they were first rate players, but the cup had so long been in the possession of the English, and such decisive beatings had been handed out to all previous challengers, that everyone felt this effort would be fruitless like so many others. But the unexpected happened. The Americans not only won back the cup that had been lost twenty-three years before, but did so easily in two straight games. They outclassed their opponents both in hitting and manoeuvring. Their brilliant combination playing, their daring galloping, and their hard and accurate hitting, made only one result possible. In one way their victory is a good thing for the game, as it will give a new interest to it and provide a change of scene for the championship games. Twenty-three years is surely long enough for any country to hold the championship.

MOTORS and MOTORING

THE Blue Noses are coming in for some blue laws. Down in Annapolis, Nova Scotia, automobile owners were recently threatened with an odd piece of municipal legislation, and in order to prevent its being passed, have agreed to keep their cars off the public highways on Saturdays and Sundays betwen the hours of 9 o'clock in the morning and 5 o'clock in the afternoon. This agreement resulted from proposed legislation by the municipal council to prohibit the use of motor vehicles in Yarmouth county on Saturdays and Sundays between 8 o'clock in the morning and midnight, which would have limited the use of cars to only a few hours daily. The measure was not pressed for passage, but in order to prevent action by the council in an extra session the motorists have made the agreement with the authorities, and notices telling of the agreement are to be posted in all the hotels and garages.

It is probable that ten years from now the records of such petty persecutions of motorists will be hunted up and published as curiosities, even in Yarmouth County, Nova Scotia. Annapolis autoists, however, have no doubt acted wisely in promising to leave their buzz wagons at home during certain hours on Saturday and Sunday, thereby avoiding the actual passage of the proposed legislation—for it is often easier to make such a law than to repeal it. Ontario car owners have troubles of their own fighting for sane legislation, but in comparison to the would-be autoist down by the sea they are very pets of privilege.

* * *

The secretary of the Ontario Motor League announces that the annual automobile ride for the orphan children of Toronto will be given on Thursday, July 15. The youngsters will be taken out early in the morning, after which they will go to Scarboro Beach Park and spend the day seeing the sights and taking in the various shows. The Mayor and Medical Health Officer have kindly offered to see that the route of the parade is thoroughly watered or oiled, so that there will be no dust to mar the pleasure of the drive. The motorists of the city have been called upon for the loan of their cars and are responding readily.

* * *

Mr. F. L. Taylor, of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, has just arrived in Ontario, having made a unique auto trip. He came through all the way in his car—being the first man to negotiate this journey. He left Winnipeg on June 2 and arrived the other day at Wyoming, Ont., his old home village. He expects to be in Toronto about the middle of the month. The trip was made by way of Minneapolis and Chicago, and encountered some very bad roads on the way.

As would be expected, the worst part of the trip was from Winnipeg to Minneapolis. The roads encountered were in terrible condition — a condition hard to realize by autoists who have not toured the west. There was practically no let-up all through the country for the entire distance, and Mr. Taylor says the strain on the car was terriffic.

From Minneapolis to Chicago the roads were a degree better, but still very rough. No mishap was met here, however, or on the balance of the journey to Ontario.

Automobile men agree this is one of the most remarkable performances in the history of motoring in Canada.

* * *

The officials of the Quaker City Motor Club have adopted a somewhat original plan in connection with the acceptance of entries for the 200 mile road race for stripped stock chasses which the organization will conduct in Fairmount Park at Philadelphia, on Saturday, October 7. On account of the comparatively small circuit over which the contest will be run it has been decided to limit the starters to sixteen cars. Instead of accepting the first sixteen entries to be offered, the Quaker City officials will hold an auction sale of the privilege of entering the race and the sixteen highest bidders will be the ones whose entries will start in the contest. The proceeds of the auction will be devoted to charity.

* * *

A Detroit firm of automobile manufacturers make the announcement that their total net profits for the past eleven months amount to a million dollars.

* * *

Bombay is to know the delights of the taxi-cab. The Government of Bombay announces that it has "accepted an offer from Europe" to place one hundred first-class and fifty second-class taxicabs on the streets of the city when the heats of the present summer are over. These taxis are to be supplied by a French company, and in the English papers there are complaints because the order was not placed in Britain. The London Daily Mail hopes that the authorities who bear rule in Calcutta and other Indian cities worthy of taxicab facilities will have a tender consideration for the home manufacturer.

WEIGHING IN TWO-CYLINDER LION PEUGEOT WHICH TOOK SECOND PLACE IN THE FRENCH VOITURETTE RACE.

* * *

An exchange notes that cowboys in Texas have made auto-busting a new branch of their business. It is said that they have laws of their own which they enforce to the astonishment of "joy riders," who run amuck in their territory. The automobile is in general use in the ranch region of western Texas, but the cowboys do not allow driving that is too showy. A despatch from Brady, Texas, says that the shooting up of autos by cowboys is a common practice, and then goes on to describe an instance of the method of enforcing an unwritten range law. A motorist named Dick Davis started from Brady the other day on a thirty mile trip to his ranch in Concho county. He was driving his automobile himself and had no passenger. He was in a hurry to reach the ranch and did not observe the rules of the road as laid down in that part of the country.

He was spinning along at a high speed when he came upon a drove of mules in charge of a man on horseback who carried a rifle in a scabbard. Instead of bringing the automobile to a stop when he came upon the mules Mr. Davis sped right past them, causing a stampede. A moment later three quick reports of a rifle were heard and the automobile's two rear tires collapsed.

"The bullets knocked the machine completely out of commission," Mr. Davis said in telling of the affair. "The man with the mules got his stray animals together and continued with them down the road. I knew that he was right, so I didn't try to round him up."

Another instance is also related. A man from Ohio opened a real estate office at Sweetwater recently and bought a big automobile in which to convey customers over the country. He had an experience on his first trip that taught him a lesson.

He had four Missouri land prospectors in his automobile and was on the way to look at some land about forty miles south of Sweetwater. In order to make a short cut to the property he was crossing a big pasture. In the distance could be seen large numbers of cattle which were being driven by cowboys.

"None of you men ever saw a cattle roundup, did you?" inquired the real estate dealer.

There was a chorus of answers in the negative.

"Well, that's what's going on over there. I'll just run you over to the place and we'll watch 'em a while."

The automobile was headed in the direction of the gathering herd of cattle and soon attracted the attention of the cowboys. They gesticulated at the auto, but the signs were not understood by those at whom they were directed. The cattle were beginning to snort and were on the verge of a stampede when two of the cowboys pulled their six-shooters and began to fire at the automobile. The bullets whizzed around the wheels.

"Here!" yelled one of the land prospectors to the real estate dealer, "get us out of here, quick!"

The real estate man wanted to get away from the scene as badly as his companions and he lost no time in turning the automobile around and spinning away as fast as the machine could go.

Many of the ranch broncos are not used to automobiles, and when one of these animals is being ridden by a cowboy and comes upon an automobile in the road the chauffeur who knows the customs of the region stops and keeps the machine quiet until the horse and rider have gone by and are a safe distance on the other side.

* * *

The Water Commissioners of Detroit have announced that hereafter all owners of automobiles in that city will be required to pay an additional water tax of $1.20 a year for each automobile they own. The new tax will be imposed on account of the large amount of water used for washing cars in the private garages of the automobile manufacturing metropolis and will not be charged against public garages, all of which have water meters. It is reported that the automobilists who are forming the Detroit Motor Club, have declared they will take steps to prevent the Water Commission from collecting the tax.

* * *

John M. Morin, director of the department of public safety in Pittsburg has announced that vigorous measures are to be adopted to prevent the reckless operation of automobiles in that city. He advocates revoking the driving license of all drivers who are found guilty of violating the motor vehicle law. The city fathers of Pittsburg have been asked to appropriate enough money to buy a number of motor-cycles for the use of the police in enforcing the speed limits.

* * *

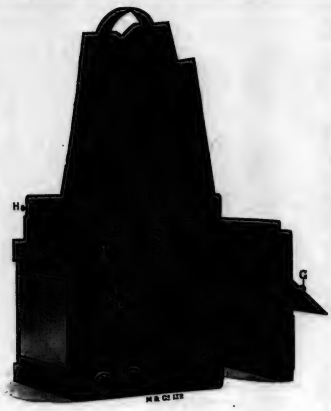
Mr. R. H. Parsons recently reached Ottawa, having motored to the Capital from Walkerville, a distance of 600 miles. On the trip his car averaged 39 miles to a gallon of gasoline.

* * *

A remarkable feature of the parade in connection with the Wright brothers' home-coming celebration at Dayton, Ohio, was an automobile completely outlined with electric lights. Two hundred and sixty tungsten lamps were used, the current being supplied by an electric lighting outfit with which the car is equipped. The illuminated auto attracted a great deal of attention.

PNEUMATIC.

MOTOR PATROL WAGGON USED AT OMAHA.



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SPORTING COMMENT

Start of Mile Open Race for Single Paddles.

The Vanquished in a Tilting Match.

Finish of the War Canoe Race.

SCENES AT THE ANNUAL SUMMER REGATTA OF THE TORONTO CANOE CLUB.

NOW that the fifteenth annual golf championship tournament has become a matter of record, golfers the country over are taking stock as it were, and figuring out its general results. Of course, everyone knows now that E. Legge, of Toronto, is the amateur champion, and Karl Keffer, the open top-notcher. But there are other things to be considered in such a meeting as this besides the identity of the winners. In the first place it may be said that the meeting just over is probably the most successful of all those held by the Royal Canadian Golf Association. Not only was better golf played than before, but the weather conditions were almost perfect, the grounds were in excellent shape and everything went off without a hitch. As regards the first item of the class of golf put up by the players, no more striking proof of the general improvement could be given than the defeat of the men who have hitherto monopolized first honors. Now there are a number of players who are distinctly in the first class, and up to the very last moment no one could say who would capture the amateur championship. It is a good thing for the game that this should be so; and it was probably their recognition of this that made even some of the defeated champions say that the meet had been the most successful so far held in Canada.

* * *

THE hoodoo seems to have been lifted from the local baseball team at last. Montreal started them down-grade and gave them such a shove that it seemed to be hard to stop. But at last the local representatives have found the ball again, and if they can only keep on hammering it the way they have been doing lately—well, no one knows what may happen. At any rate it is going some to take three out of four games from Buffalo, and then to sail off and down the leaders of the league twice in one day.

* * *

THE Tecumsehs failed to capture the cup, but they put up a great fight for it and they deserve credit for their efforts. It was simply a case of the stronger team winning, and in this greater strength of their rivals the long trip of the Toronto players was perhaps no inconsiderable factor. Well, better luck next time. But this last victory of the western players once more calls attention to the enthusiasm manifested in the national game in British Columbia. Out there almost everyone plays lacrosse, and certainly everyone takes an interest in it. This is the way it should be. Lacrosse is a great game, and it is a distinctively Canadian one. And Canadians should be willing to play it for the love of the game. This is the spirit in British Columbia, and while this spirit lasts it will be a difficult thing to take the cup away from them.

* * *

A FRENCH firm of tennis racquet makers has put a new racquet on the market which, it is asserted, will completely revolutionize the game. Several Continental players have already tried it and they speak well of it. The main feature of the new racquet is that it has two planes of stringing instead of one, and these planes are so arranged that only one comes into play for soft strokes, whereas for hard strokes the two unite in giving the ball a vigorous push. The advantage which will appeal to the majority of players is that the resiliency is spread over nearly the whole face of the racquet instead of being quartered only as it is on the ordinary racquets, in the centre of the face or very near it. Other advantages arise from the fact that the mesh of the stringing is larger and that the gut has a better grip on the ball, and so can impart a better screw; the gut is not imprisoned in one position, as the mesh being wider and each gut having a smaller tension, the strings can move a little up and down, so that one string does not get hammering into the one behind it, thus cutting it through. Then the gut lasts longer, as each string has less strain to bear than in a one plane racquet. The price of the racquet is about $15.

* * *

BOBBY KERR, the great Canadian sprinter, has certainly not been in his old time form in England lately. He has gone down to defeat again and again before the great foreign cracks like Walker and Cartmell. And the defeats have been due more to his own lack of form than to their decisive superiority. For the time of the races has not been especially remarkable, and Kerr has again and again made better time in races in this country. There must be something in the English climate which acts unfavorably on runners from this country, and which takes some time for them to become used to.

* * *

TALKING of running reminds one of the fine mile made recently by Chuck Skene, who ran the distance in 4.30. The average person doesn't realize just how fast going this is, until he figures out that to do the mile in even five minutes means that a man must run seventeen dashes of 100 yards in 17 and 3-5 seconds.

The other day W. C. Paull, of the University of Pennsylvania ran a mile in the phenomenal time of 4.17 3-5. It was the third fastest mile ever run by man if record books are to be relied upon. It was the fastest mile ever run by an American-born athlete. In order to negotiate this mile Paull had to run 100 yards in 14 3-5 seconds and repeat it seventeen times, and then do an additional 60 yards in 9 seconds, in order to run the full distance. Of course, Paull did not run every 100 yards of the 1760 at the same pace, but when you come down to brass tacks it amounts to the same thing, for when his speed is averaged and the mile divided into 100-yard sections that's what it shows. It also shows that he moved 6.8 yards every second.

A four-minute mile is the ambition of mile runners, but like the 100 yards in 9 seconds, it is far away. To run a mile in four minutes it would be necessary to negotiate each 100 yards in 13 3-5 seconds, a performance seemingly impossible. Not one man in a hundred, take them as they come, can run 100 yards in this time, so when you stop to think what it means for a runner to not only run 100 yards in 13 3-5 seconds, but 17 times this distance at the same pace, the magnitude of the task may appeal to you more than it has in the past.

* * *

IT is a remarkable thing about the thrilling, galloping game of polo that among the prominent men identified with it there are many notable brotherhoods. There have been some famous brotherhoods in cricket as, for instance, the Graces, the Fosters, the Palairets, etc., but no game can compare in this respect with polo. It is not easy to account for. It may be that as the game is an expensive one to indulge in, brothers find it convenient to begin with to play among themselves, especially as in some parts players are widely distributed. Then in certain wealthy families more than one son enters the army, and if they have any instinct at all for sport—few British Army officers have not, thank goodness—they take to polo as naturally as a bird takes to flying.

Probably the most famous polo brotherhood on record is that of the Peats, who were the pioneers of the modern fast, galloping game. Their dashing methods and splendid backhand hitting brought about a revolution in the game so that we shall always remember Mr. Johnnie Peat, Mr. A. E. Peat, and Mr. A. Peat. The two Herberts—"Reggie" and "Tip"—were famous in the polo days now gone by, and their names will never be forgotten at Ranelagh, which primarily owes its existence to them.

Without doubt the most conspicuous brotherhood in London polo today is that of the Millers—Captain E. D., assistant polo manager and official umpire at Hurlingham; Mr. George, polo manager at Roehampton, and generally regarded as polo tutor to the King of Spain; and Mr. Charles, the manager and secretary of the Ranelagh Club. The Millers are a tremendous force in polo to-day. Indeed, they seem to be the absolute "bosses" of it. They have their fingers on all the best playing ponies in England; they are in touch with all or most of the players; and, in short, they can almost "corner" the game not only in London, but at Rugby, Ostend, Cannes, and they say next year in California. To put yourself under the patronage and protection of the Millers is to make sure of some fun in the swim of the game.

Then there are the Nickalls, three of them, and all fine players, the sons of Sir Patteson Nickalls. They began to make their mark when at Oxford, and ever since they have come more and more to the front. Mr. "Pat" was chosen to play for England in the first match against the Americans on June 23. Mr. Cecil is a splendid No. 1, but is not playing much just now. He assisted Roehampton to win the Champion Cup in 1905. Mr. Morres ("Bobby") four times assisted Roehampton to win the Ranelagh Open Cup.

Now let me mention more brotherhoods. There are the Waterburys ("Larry" and "Monte"), the brilliant hitters of the American team who have managed to lift the International Cup which Hurlingham has held ever since 1886. There are four brothers de Las Casas—Mr. J. C., Mr. M., Mr. A. C., and Mr. L.—and last year playing at Tiverton, from which part of the country they come, they won the Ranelagh Points Cup. Mr. "Rivvy" Grenfell and his brother, Mr. Francis Grenfell, who is in the 9th Lancers, are very well known. They helped the Freebooters to win the Champion Cup in 1907. Captain L. C. D. Jenner, the joint polo manager at Ranelagh, is no more famous than was his brother, W. K. ("Eyeglass" Jenner as he was familiarly known), who won renown in the 9th Lancers' team a score of years ago.

* * *

MR. WIGMORE, with the Greens Committee of the Ontario Bowling Association, was at Niagara-on-the-Lake this week inspecting the Queens Royal bowling greens, which have been increased to twice their former size for the tournament to be held on July 12th.

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THE DRAMA

AN interesting article is published in a recent issue of The Tatler on Adeline Genee, who has once more returned to London. It states that she is giving an "all-too-short series of four performances at His Majesty's under the auspices of the newly-formed Afternoon Theatre. The piece selected by Mdlle. Genee for her reappearance is Miss Dora Bright's exquisite little fantasy, 'The Dryad,' in which she will be supported by Mr. Gordon Cleather, whose beautiful voice made such a profound impression when the piece was first produced at The Playhouse.

"In 'The Dryad' Miss Genee's beautiful and wonderful art is seen at its finest. Indeed, according to those who have had the good fortune to see all the great dancers of Paris, Vienna and St. Petersburg, there is not another artist in the world who can in any way approach her in perfect eloquence of gesture, lightness, and exquisite grace. By those who can still remember the wonderful furore occasioned by Taglioni and her dancing, the art of Adeline Genee is placed upon a far higher plane. It is natural therefore that His Majesty's Theatre is crowded at every performance and that the generous welcome accorded to the wonderful dancer when she reappeared once more amongst us was as enthusiastic as it was in every way sincere.

"Asked the other day what difference she found between English and American audiences, Miss Genee replied that on the whole the Americans were more generous in their enthusiasm, more spontaneous in their applause, though not more truly appreciative than their English cousins or more delightful to appear before. Alas, however, Miss Genee has become so wonderfully popular across the Atlantic that she has signed a contract to appear there for the next three years, during which time London will only be privileged to see her for very brief periods at lengthy intervals. At the end of her next American tour Miss Genee will appear in all the great cities of the Continent, including Paris (where she has never yet appeared), Vienna, Berlin and St. Petersburg. Naturally, the dancer is looking forward to the latter tour with keen anticipation as the crowning interest of her wonderfully successful career.

"Asked why it was that England had no dancers who in any way could be considered 'great,' Miss Genee explained that in Denmark or at any royal theatre on the Continent the little girls destined for the life of a *ballerina* commence their studies at the age of seven or eight. At the opera house at Copenhagen is a school of dancing where young girls are thoroughly taught and educated, and where at least seven years of hard training are undergone before a dancer is considered to have become in any way proficient. Miss Genee seemed greatly amused by the sudden craze of Londoners for the Maud Allan style of dancing. People have assured her that the Greek dancers would eventually take the place of the ballet in the near future. 'But,' the delightful dancer laughingly replied, 'an art which can be mastered in three months will never supersede that which requires years and years of hard study.'"

* * *

GENIUS, the one word so dangerous of application, says The Tatler, may unreservedly be applied to the wonderful art of Madame Yvette Guilbert. It is fifteen years since the great French artist made her sensational debut in London at the Empire Theatre, and of her more than any other foreign singer it may be truly said that "age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety." To hear her sing one of those simple French and English ditties with which she is delighting audiences at the Palace Theatre at the present time is something of a revelation. Above everything else it is a proof—if proof were needed—of the wonderful effect which can be produced by an artist who more than any other possesses supreme interpretative genius.

A particularly interesting series of these recitals will be given shortly by Madame Guilbert in the French capital. It will be devoted to the musical compositions of Jean Jacques Rousseau, who wrote music when he was young and very poor and when he wanted money. In these youthful days of poverty his many friends would generously come to his aid by bringing him poetry to be set to music, and the book of his musical compositions is aptly called "Pour me Consoler des Miseres de ma Vie." At first Rousseau turned his attention to military music, and not being pleased with the usual soldiers' marches he wrote a new series of these in a most curious rhythm. These Madame Guilbert proposes to give in their original musical setting. It will be a recital as interesting as assuredly it will be delightful.

In appearance Madame Guilbert is one of the most striking-looking women imaginable—a singularly mobile face, full of wonderful expression and variety, and that grace of movement and wealth of gesture which

YVETTE GUILBERT.

have made her famous throughout the world. She is also a particularly brilliant conversationalist and speaks English fluently.

* * *

SIR W. S. GILBERT contributes an amusing article on "Actors and Authors" to the programme of the London Drury Lane matinee in aid of the Queen Alexandra Sanitorium at Davos Platz. The following extract will be read with appreciation:

"The author's greatest difficulty lies in the necessity of directing an actor's attention to an obvious mispronunciation—a feat that must be achieved without humiliating the actor in the presence of his professional brethren.

"Many years ago I was engaged in rehearsing a burlesque, and a very clever young lady had to sing the couplet:

"Indubitably if you do
It will be the worse for you.

"The clever young lady, whose pronunciation was not always beyond reproach, delivered the lines thus:

"Indubitubly if you do
It will be the worse for you.

"This, of course, would not do, so I determined to alter the word to 'inevitably.' The young lady agreed that the alteration greatly improved the verse, but she was not to be deprived of her 'tub,' so she sang it:

"Inevitubly if you do
It will be the worse for you.

"This was just as bad, so I made it 'unquestionably,' and, of course, it came out:

"Unquestionubly if you do
It will be the worse for you.

"I could think of no other word that would answer the purpose, so, as a last resource, I said to her:

"'Do you think it advisable to give the word its French accent?'

"'How do you mean?'

"'Why, "unquestionably" that's the way it is pronounced in Paris. In addressing an English audience perhaps the simple English version of the word would be better. Try it at all events, "unquestionably," "a" instead of "u." "Unquestionubly" would be all very well for the stalls, but the gallery wouldn't understand it.'

"'Of course,' she said, 'the English accent would certainly be more appropriate.'

"And she sang it 'unquestionably' like the good girl that she was."

Teacher—Johnny, what is the meaning of the word "procrastinate"? Pupil—To put off. Teacher—Right. Use it in an original sentence. Pupil—The brakeman procrastinated the tramp from the train.—Cleveland Leader.

A Grafter in Toronto.

IN the reminiscences of a grafting street car conductor, published in a recent issue of The New York Sun, there is an amusing description of the way he carried on his operations in Toronto. He tells his experiences as follows:

"I went to Toronto and in this city I met a new system. Instead of a register the conductor received a little iron box sealed and locked. It had a handle on it so that it could be carried around. All fares and tickets were supposed to be put in a small slot in the box.

"The conductor was not allowed to touch the money. If a passenger gave the conductor a dollar bill he was supposed to hand exactly a dollar in change, then the passenger put his fare in the box.

"At the end of the line we usually waited fifteen minutes. One summer day, while I was lying in the grass, a grass-hopper crawled into the slot. I caught another and tied a thread to it and lowered it into the box. When I pulled him up I saw several tickets sticking to his legs and I easily got them out through the slot. I put several grafting friends wise to the new trick.

"The farmers up there first thought all the conductors were going crazy. On a hot day you could see conductors running through the grass, hat in hand, catching grasshoppers. Afterward we used to get the kids to catch them for us. One day a conductor broke the thread while the grasshopper was inside the box. That night the receiver found the insect with a piece of thread tied to it inside the box when he opened it to take out the money. This rumbled the game. After that the graft was too slow, so I quit."

Dr. Van Dyke's Mannerisms.

A WRITER in "The Bohemian," in the course of an article on "Princeton Professors," has this to say of the well known writer, the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke:

"He has three classroom mannerisms—glancing upwards from his book to the ceiling when he is reading aloud, jingles his keys, and wearing outspoken waistcoats. The first time that he flashes that glance skyward his class naturally turns in its seats and follows the general direction of his eyes. They wonder whether there is a leak in the roof, or whether a sparrow is roosting among the beams, or what it can be that causes him to direct his gaze always to the same spot. After a while they discover that he is only varying the monotony of looking at the printed page, and that there is really no object of interest which he is watching surreptitiously. The waistcoat characteristic creates some association between Dr. Van Dyke and the men about whom he lectures. He may be speaking of John Ruskin's leaning toward sky-blue neckwear, for example, and even while the words are being spoken the lecturer will flip open his own coat and present to the awestruck undergraduate gaze a black and white check or a dark green stripe that makes Mr. Ruskin's choice of colors seem very tame indeed. His lectures are always punctuated with the jingle-jingle of many keys. When one hears the volume of sound that emerges from the lowest depths of his evidently copious pockets, it fairly takes one's breath away to think how many things he must have locked up. Occasionally he combines all three mannerisms. Holding a book in his right hand, his left holding back his coat as it rattles away in his pocket, he will read aloud, sometimes for half his lecture, flashing ever and anon that fleeting glance upward at the ceiling, invisible something on the ceiling."

MISS MAY YOHE

Formerly Lady Francis Hope, who was recently married to Mr. Murphy, a wealthy Canadian lumberman.

Glen Braden, the big Oklanoma and Pittsburg natural gas man, was in the employ of the Standard Oil Company for years as one of their field managers.

The late Daniel O'Day, one of the big men in the Standard, grew to like Braden, and one time in New York, at a general meeting of the Standard, said to him: "Glen, I like the way you do your work and I want to encourage you. Here are ten shares of Standard Oil stock that I want to give you, just as an encouragement. Take these and accumulate what you can during the year, and tell me how you have done when I see you next year."

Braden took the stock with profuse thanks. Next year O'Day met him. "Glen," he said, "come to luncheon with me. Come on out to a quiet place."

They went to luncheon. After they had finished O'Day leaned back and said: "Now, Glen, I want you to tell me how you have done with those ten shares of Standard I gave you a year ago. How much have you accumulated of the stock with that as a starter? I gave it to you to encourage you to start something for yourself. How much have you got now?"

"Six hundred thousand dollars," replied Braden.

"Six hundred thousand dollars!" shouted O'Day. "Why, dod gast it, Glen! how much did you have a year ago when I gave you those ten shares?"

"Four hundred thousand dollars' worth," said Braden.—Saturday Evening Post.

What would our grandmothers have said (asks the Argonaut) if any one had suggested to them the possibility of children going to school with their faces powdered and painted and wearing the latest fashions in beauty patches? That this is actually the situation in this year of grace is shown by the announcement of Miss Rachel Benjamins, the principal of the Washington Irving High School in West End Avenue, New York, to the effect that pupils found henceforth with powder or beauty patches upon their faces will have the pleasure of standing up before their classes while an assistant publicly washes off the disfigurements. The principal explains that she is forced to this drastic remedy by the alarming increase in these fatuous attempts at beautification among girls who come mainly from the fashionable and "prominent" classes.

It seems that sumptuary regulations are needed at both ends of the social scale. Every now and then we read a magazine article describing the admirable efforts made by school teachers in the great cities to inculcate habits of cleanliness and a neat modesty of attire in the slum and tenement children whose acquaintance with soap, water, and the toothbrush has been of the theoretical rather than of the practical kind. And now it seems that the wealthy and "prominent" children also must have their faces washed and be taught the beauties of cleanliness. Thus do extremes meet.

"A high financier should be something of an economist, should he not?" "I don't think so," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "The object of an economist is to see what he can get along with; that of a high financier is to see what he can get away with."—Washington Star.

American Professor of Sociology—If this alarming increase in the divorce rate continues, twenty years from now the institution of the home will no longer exist in America. Practical Student—How is that, professor? They all marry again, don't they?—Puck.

He (teaching her bridge)—When in doubt it's a good rule to play trumps. She—But that's just it; when I'm in doubt I don't know what the trump is.—Philadelphia Record.

Grace—He said I looked lovely in that gown, didn't he? Helen—Not exactly, dear. He said that gown looked lovely on you.—Brooklyn Citizen.

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MUSIC

CONTINUING the early history of music in Toronto, it might be said that probably the first real impetus was given to music here in the decade 1836-1846 by the services of Mr. John Ellis and Rev. Dr. McCaul. Mr. Ellis was well known as an amateur violoncellist of great ability, and a thoroughly enthusiastic and steadfast patron and promoter of music. He was born in the County of Norfolk, in England, in 1795, and exhibited his musical predilections at an early age. When quite a boy he played before a public audience with fair success. He removed to London, and in 1824 became a member of the Societa Armonica, and about this date decided to adopt the violoncello as his favorite instrument. In 1836, he emigrated to Canada, and, on arriving in Toronto, at once took a leading part in promoting schemes for the development of music. He originated string quartette clubs, assisted in organizing choral associations, gave his services gratuitously whenever asked at charitable concerts, and was an indispensable member of all the amateur orchestras from 1837 to 1870, and, in fact, he and his inseparable companion, the Peter Walmsley bass, were always to be found where good music was to be heard. The Rev. Dr. McCaul came to Toronto from Dublin in 1839, and was at once conceded a prominent position among the leaders in the musical society.

During his long residence in this city he published a number of vocal compositions that achieved considerable success, and he was elected president of all Philharmonic Societies that were formed between 1846 and 1878. He was alike, distinguished for his musical attainments as for his vast erudition and his suavity and geniality of disposition. Dr. McCaul had not been long in Toronto before he conceived the idea of giving a couple of concerts at which a selection from the choruses of the oratorios should form the chief feature. It was put into execution by associating the best amateur singers that Toronto could boast of, and Dr. J. P. Clarke was induced to come over from Hamilton to act as choirmaster (Hamilton papers please copy.)

After an adequate amount of preparation, the concerts were given in 1845 in the old Parliament Buildings. Monsieur Bley, a talented violinist, was brought over from New York to conduct, and with him were engaged Miss Andrews, Miss Northrall, and Mr. Miller, as principal vocalists. The price for admission to the two concerts was fixed at $1.50. Both concerts were very successful, and excited a great enthusiasm. Dr. McCaul presided at the piano and was received "with a burst of applause" on making his appearance on the platform. Among the sacred numbers given were the vocal quartette "Quando Corpus," from the Stabat Mater, and Handel's Chorus, "The Horse and His Rider."

The success of the concerts may be judged from the fact that they netted $50 after paying all expenses, a good return in those days. The result of the venture led to the inception of the idea of establishing a Philharmonic Society. Monsieur Bley having been induced to remain in Toronto, was appointed conductor of the new organization, which was started in 1846. Dr. McCaul was the president, and Mr. Ellis the instrumental manager. There are no records concerning the public performances of this Society, but it is said that they gave a concert in University Hall, Parliament Buildings on St. George's Day, April 23, 1847, for the benefit of the Irish and Scotch relief funds. Among the vocalists were Mr. J. D. Humphreys, who became Toronto's favorite tenor; Mrs. Searle, and Messrs. Ambrose and Barron. After a short stay in Toronto, Monsieur Bley returned to his native country, France, and the Philharmonic was temporarily dissolved.

* * *

Mr. J. M. Sherlock, conductor of the Toronto Oratorio Society, was banquetted recently at the St. Charles by the members of the chorus, about 100 of whom were present, and a successful season was thus brought to a close by a social gathering that was in every way delightful. A fine concert programme was presented during the evening, the vocal numbers of which were contributed by well-known professional singers who are members of the Society, and a splendid address was given by the Rev. J. V. Smith, D.D., now of Hamilton. The one special feature of the gathering was the presentation to Mr. Sherlock of a full score copy of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," beautifully bound in morocco, and inscribed from the members of his chorus, accompanied by an address.

The "Elijah," by the way, is the important work to be performed this coming season by Mr. Sherlock's admirable chorus, and it is probable in addition, that "the Creation," will also be given again. . Indeed, it is very likely that the latter work will now be performed annually. The Toronto Oratorio Society was organized in September, 1903, and has produced some of the most important of the standard oratorios, including the "Creation," Haydn's "Seasons" "Samson," "Judas Maccabones," etc., and at these performances the Society has introduced from year to year a fine array of soloists to its patrons.

* * *

The Official Representative of the Canadian musical public still continues to be as busy as forty cats. After getting through that Vienna job, he hiked back to London and attended the R.C.O. annual dinner. There he was introduced as "a man of boundless energy and courage, who has done a great work in promoting the musical reciprocity between the Colonies and the Mother Land." Being called upon to make a speech, our worthy Representative delivered himself of the following:

VERDI.
"La Traviata."

"I am not a politician in the accepted meaning of the word. I am better than that; I am a man who strongly believes in the solidarity of the British Empire. I believe in musical reciprocity between the Colonies and the Motherland. Reciprocity is bound to come, whether you want it or not. It is the one thing that is going to hold your Colonies; and, knowing Canada as I do, you cannot afford to do without them, and the more quickly you cultivate reciprocity the better it will be for the whole of the Empire. Great good has been done by the visits to Canada of two of your former Presidents—I refer to Sir Alexander Mackenzie and Sir Frederick Bridge. They gave us an insight into the real goodness of things, and helped us immensely."

"Now, there is "boundless energy and courage" for you. Fancy, walking right into the camp of the English and saying: "Reciprocity is bound to come whether you want it or not." That's the way to throw down the gauntlet to them, Chas. We are going to reciprocate with them, even if we have to choke 'em into it.

And then, that last sentence, declaring that the visits of Mackenzie and Bridge "gave us an insight into the real goodness of things, and helped us immensely." No doubt that staggered them some. It was profound. Beg pardon? Why, no, silly; the two kind gentlemen were not here in the capacity of Sunday School teachers. An insight into the real goodness of things? Oh, well; that was just a figger of speech, don't you know.

* * *

Mr. David Ross, singing master of Franklin, Pa., formerly of Toronto, at the request of a number of his pupils, is returning to Toronto for the month of August.

* * *

Says R. E. Johnston, of New York: I went to Europe determined to arrange, if possible, for some sensations—musical sensations, I mean. I did it. The first one is Pepito Arriola. He is eleven years old, born in Spain. Pepito is a pianist, a marvel, a sensation! He is at the moment the musical lion of London. You will remember Josef Hoffman when he was first presented here in America, and what the people said about him? Well, Pepito is another Hoffman, only he has progressed as the world progresses. It is not an easy matter to present this young marvel. I have to have special pianos built for him. I have brought with me a chart of the keyboard that must be built. I don't anticipate much difficulty over this, however.

While we are on the subject of prodigies, I want to tell you that I picked up out of the streets of London a young boy whose name—or, at least, so he says—is Jascha Bron. I had been listening to violinists brought to me by the leading musical managers and leading musical people in London—I had been listening to them for a week. I was sick of them; and I told Mr. Daniel Mayer, who is also the manager of Elman, that I wouldn't hear another one. He finally persuaded me to hear this boy, Bron, whom he had brought especially from Varvosie, Russia. Well, I engaged him in three minutes! This boy has everything that is necessary to make a success with; he has all the fire, dash and brilliancy that the American musical public is looking for. His repertoire consists of everything in violin literature.

* * *

The Musical News (London, Eng.) of June 19 contains the following item: "Owing to an epidemic of mumps among the choristers of Exeter Cathedral, the services for the next three or four weeks will be sung by men only."

In view of the foregoing, the writer proffers the following in the interests of—well, let us say—musical reciprocity:

Into Exeter Cathedral
Stole a naughty little germ,
Stung an angel-visaged choir-boy,
Made his glands paratid squirm.

Soon a swelling huge developed
Big as dromedary's humps,
And the (former) angel-visaged
Murmured: "Seems I've got the mumps."

Round the choir-loft fluttered Germy,
Stinging all the little boys,
Swelled their faces, pinched their voices,
So they couldn't make a noise.

Said the Powers that Be: "Each service
Will be sung by merely men,
For the while each choir-boy's face is,
Individually, like ten."

Lonely were the Lumpy-faced ones,
Till a youthful sage thus urged
This tremendous consolation,
Which from Life's great ocean surged:

"Though the Powers that Be our ample
Mugs to banishment condemn,
Though the congregation miss us,
How much more we are to them!"

ARPEGGIO.

* * *

Leonora James Kennedy, soprano soloist of Bloor street Presbyterian church, after a most successful teaching season, is spending the summer at Norway Point, Muskoka.

* * *

There seems to be an impression that vocal talent is on the increase among us, as attested not only by the splendid performances of large bodies, but by the good showing of individual singers. At the closing concert of the Toronto Conservatory of Music in Massey Hall, this fact was strongly impressed upon the large audience present.

A new singing teacher comes to the Conservatory in September—Mrs. Genevieve Clark-Wilson, late of Chicago, who has a fine record as soprano soloist, and who will, doubtless, attract many promising pupils. As oratorio singer, she has filled engagements all over the United States, and should be particularly fitted to instruct those desirous of excelling in this difficult, but not always properly understood department of singing. Mrs. Clark-Wilson has already appeared in Toronto with the National Chorus, having taken the soprano parts in the exacting programmes given three years ago. While Toronto already boasts many sterling professors of the art of singing, it may be recollected that there is usually room at the top, and that an opening may always be found for instruction of the highest and most finished order.

JOHN BRIGHT once described the variety of stage fright with which he was familiar with telling and quotable point. He was discussing public speaking with George Dawson, an eminent Englishman of his day, when, according to a paragraph in the late David Christie Murray's "Recollections," he said:

"Tell me, Friend George, you have, I suppose, as large an experience in public speaking as any man in England. Have you any acquaintance with the old nervous tremor?"

"No," Dawson replied, "or, if I have, it is a mere momentary qualm, which is gone before I can realize it."

"Now, for my part," said the great tribune, "I have had practice enough, but I have never risen to address an audience, large or small, without experiencing a shaking at the knees and a sense of scientific vacuum behind the waistcoat."

A WELL-KNOWN burglar was up for trial. Among his counsel was a young attorney, for whom, despite his youth and inexperience, the accused had acquired a great liking, and whom he had insisted upon retaining to assist in the defence.

"About how long do you think I ought to make my speech to the jury?" asked the youthful expounder of the law to associate counsel.

"I should say about two hours," suggested the other.

"Two hours?" Why," exclaimed the young attorney, "I thought that half an hour would be quite sufficient!"

"It's this way," explained the other lawyer, "They can't sentence him until you've finished, and of course, the longer you talk, the longer he'll be out of jail."

IMPORTANT RAILWAY CHANGES.

The publishers of the Toronto Weekly Railway Guide, 5 Jordan St., are out with their alphabetic time sheet, showing all the important G.T.R., C.P.R., C.N.R. and T. & N. O. Railway changes and connections for over six hundred stations in Canada and the United States. Every office should have this Guide, which not only gives arrival and departure of all trains from Union Station, but mileage, fares, lake and ocean sailings, and foreign mails. The Guide is placed in a frame and the changes are made weekly or fortnightly, or oftener if changes occur. Phone Mr. S. E. Stewart, the secretary, Main 676, for a sample copy.

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City Man—I wonder if Adam had any regrets when he left the Garden of Eden? Urbanite—It's safe that he didn't if he tried to raise his own vegetables.—Chicago News.

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PORTER

ANECDOTAL

A city clerk never missed the chance of expatiating on his garden to his colleagues, who, however, were never taken home to see it, but were under the impression that it was of enormous size. Five of them resolved to have a look at it, discovered his address, and called one Saturday afternoon to see the hundreds of roses all a-growing and a-blowing. On being reluctantly taken to the rear of the house, judge of their surprise on seeing a backyard about twelve feet by ten feet. One bold spirit ventured to remark that it was not very big.

"Big!" replied the proud owner, pointing to the sky: "Why, man alive, look at the height of it!"

* * *

THERE are probably few better raconteurs alive than is the Duke of Argyll, and in his memoirs he has told some inimitable stories. One of the best concerns a showman's ape which paid a visit with its master to Inverary. During its stay there it escaped from its cage, but came to grief through want of food, and died by the roadside. Two Scotch farmers came across it, and were much puzzled what to make of it.

"Deaar me, what na beast's yon?" asked one.

"It's no a beast, it's a man," said the other.

After carefully examining it one of them said: "It's a man, but did ye ever see such a hairy man! It canna be a highlander—no, no, it canna be a highlander; de ye think it's a lowlander, Donald?"

"I think not; I don't think a lowlander is quite ever, ever so hairy as yon."

"Deaar me," said the first speaker, "I think it canna be a highlander; I think it canna be a lowlander. "I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll just go to the castle and see if any of the English visitors are missing since yesterday."

* * *

IMITATION may be a nuisance rather than a form of flattery. A writer in the "Outlook" tells of an incident in a bank which is as amusing as it is probable. The teller was asked by a woman for a new envelope for her bank-book. It was passed out, and the lady behind, noting that her own envelope was a trifle dingy, also asked for a fresh one.

The third woman said, "Me, too," or words to that effect, and so it went down the line. When the teller's patience and his stock of envelopes threatened to give out, he determined to call a halt.

A fastidiously dressed lady appeared at the window, holding out a perfectly gloved hand.

"I should like one, too, please," said she.

"One what, madam?" asked the teller.

The lady flushed and began to look comical.

"Why," she stammered, "what the other ladies had."

* * *

A MISGUIDED woman once ventured to remonstrate with Worth, the man milliner, because he charged her six hundred dollars for a dress.

"The goods," said the lady, "could be bought for one hundred dollars, and surely the work of making up would be well paid for with twenty-five dollars more."

"Madame," replied the outraged tailor, "go to M. Constant, the painter, and say to him: 'Here is a canvas and colors, value one dollar. Paint me a picture on that canvas with these paints, and I will pay you thirty-three and one-third cents.' What would be the answer? 'Madame this is no payment for an artist.' No, but I say more. If you think my terms are too high, keep the dress and pay me nothing. Art does not descend to the pettiness of haggling."

History does not record the lady's reply.

* * *

ROGER, the celebrated French tenor, on one occasion was engaged for the sum of fifteen hundred francs to sing at the house of a rich financier. Roger sang his first song magnificently; but no one paid him the slightest attention, and the guests talked their loudest. Presently the host thought the time had come for another song, and sent for Roger. He could not be found, and that evening was seen no more. Next day a note came from him, accompanied by the sum of two thousand francs. The note ran thus:

"I have the honor to return the fifteen hundred francs which I received for singing at your party; and I beg leave to add five hundred francs more for having so greatly disturbed the conversation of your guests."

* * *

THE beautiful typewriter girl puffed out her golden pompadour nervously.

"My speed'll increase, Mr. Meer—excuse me, Mr. Wellington—my speed'll increase 30 or 40 per cent. every day."

Broker Wellington frowned. The girl had taken his dictation slowly. And in a stern, skeptical voice, he said: "How so?"

"It's your new vocabulary that puts me out," she explained. "I had Mr. Meer's vocabulary very pat—'as per,' 'contents noted,' 'the same'—he only used about 300 words.

Her flattering smile warmed the man like a sunbeam.

"But you, sir, have a real literary style. 'Beg to submit,' 'our best attention,' 'slump,' 'bullish,' 'hypothecate'—they're all new words to me, and, of course, I can't rattle them off very fast at first. But just you wait. Say till day after to-morrow. Then you'll see."

"All business men have different vocabularies that their stenographers must get accustomed to, eh?" said the broker.

"Yes, sir. Some large, some small." Aga'n her smile flattered him. "Yours is larger than most. I should say it was thirty or forty words larger. Real literary, I call it."

"Miss Hoskins, if there's—er—any supplies you need, all you've got to do is to ask," said the literary broker, fatuously.

* * *

ALEXANDRE DUMAS could not refuse a request. One day he gave a man a letter to one of his intimate friends in Brussels. The latter, a wealthy merchant, did everything in his power to make life pleasant for Dumas's friend. After the lapse of a fortnight, the man suddenly disappeared, and with him the best horse in the merchant's stable.

Six months later the merchant visited Dumas, and upbraided him for the kind of people he recommended to his consideration.

"Dear friend," he added, "your friend is a shark. He stole the best horse in my stable."

Astonished, Dumas raised his hands toward heaven and cried:

"What, he stole from you, too?"

* * *

GRANT ALLEN relates that he was sitting one day under the shade of the Sphinx, turning for some petty point of detail to his Baedeker. A sheik looked at him sadly, and shook his head.

"Murray good," he said, in a solemn voice of warning; "Baedeker no good. What for you use Baedeker?"

"No, no; Baedeker is best," answered Mr. Allen; "why do you object to Baedeker?"

The sheik crossed his hands and looked down on him with the pitying eyes of Islam.

"Baedeker bad book," he repeated; "Murray very, very good. Murray say, 'Give the sheik half a crown'; Baedeker say, 'Give the sheik a shilling.'"

* * *

IN a certain small city there was an Episcopal church, which had two mission chapels, commonly known as the East End Mission and the North End Mission, from the parts of the city where they were respectively located. One day the rector gave out the notices, in his most distinguished manner, as follows:

"There will be a service at the North End Mission at three o'clock, and at the East End at five. Children will be baptized at both ends."

* * *

A LITTLE girl stopping in Boston en route from Connecticut to Maine was very desirous of taking a beautiful Angora cat to the woods with her. Her mother objected on the ground of the care and inconvenience of travelling with the pet, and tried to dissuade the child by offering to give her a dollar to spend in Boston if she would give up the idea. The little girl thought it over, then replied:

"But, mother, how much longer a cat would last than a dollar."

HINTS TO YOUNG ANGLERS.

In pike-fishing, should the beginner be fortunate enough to catch an unusually large fish, he had better get the assistance of some professional fisher, or other person of experience, before weighing the fish, as there is considerable art in this.—Punch.

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Lady Beatrice—"He'll have to as soon as he moves. He's bound to break them!"—Punch.

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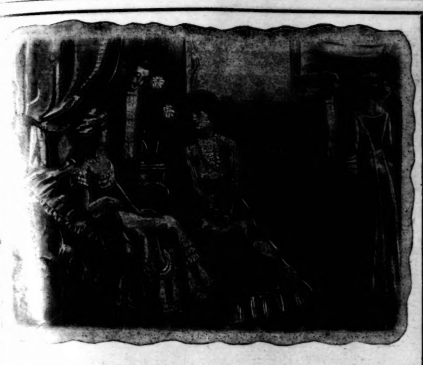

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It is made of soft, silky-top corn, trimmed to an even top, so it takes all the dust out of any make of carpet, yet it never does the slightest injury to the finest carpet.

It never sheds seeds or broken straws, for it is sewed firmly with five bands of specially prepared twine. Below the strings it has a long springy sweep.

Boeckh's Carpet Brooms are made with either bamboo or maple handles. We've made this broom particularly good, so we can guarantee it in every particular to give the highest satisfaction.

If you have been disappointed in the brooms you have been buying, ask your dealer to show you Boeckh's Imperial Carpet Broom—most dealers have them in stock—we know you will be pleased with the way it does its work and the length of time it lasts.

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DON'T FORGET THIS.

Some day soon you will be making preparations to take your vacation, and when providing the articles you are likely to require do not forget a bottle of "Campana's Italian Balm." It is not only unrivalled for cases of tan or sunburn, but for gentlemen will be found most cooling and soothing to use after shaving.

Johnny—Hooray! Tommy—What yer so happy about? Johnny—I don't hafter go to school to-day. Tommy—Chee, y're lucky! W'y dontcher? Johnny—I gotta go to th' dentist's an have three teeth pulled!—Cleveland Leader.

Ethel—Mother, Miss Bruce told us such a funny thing about the cuckoo to-day. (Mysteriously.) It doesn't lay its own eggs.—Punch.

Farmer Hayrick—Why are you going to charge the summer boarders more this year? Farmer Corntassel—I've called the place a bungalow

Lady Gay's Column

IN the giving and receiving of favors lies often much woe. It is well to be particularly wary of the use of one's right to ask, and also to be cautious of one's power to give. Who among us has not experienced that sickly qualm of exasperation when a favor has been received from us as if it were a matter of course that it should be granted. It was demanded rather than requested, and accepted with a careless remark, which roused a vague determination within us that this should be the very last granting of such privileges. A man high in the Nation's Councils once told me of a vindictive enemy he had made, solely by granting him favors, to which he wasn't in the least entitled. When it became necessary to shut down on this leech, the consequence was a bitter and vicious enmity instead of a sense of gratitude for excessive privileges. Therefore it is well to be cautious in our kindness. It takes a very large and noble nature to receive great favors without deterioration, and, the worst of it is that large and noble natures are much oftener the givers than the receivers in this matter. The habit of asking favors does not fasten on a big mind, and the habit of taking them ungratefully is impossible.

"I am going to stop hoarding," said the little girl, firmly. "This very day I am going to have a grand clearing out, and things are going to be different. I won't keep letters, pamphlets, photos, anything but to-day's debris, and I'll have room to turn about in my flat." So she filled her waste paper baskets and every old box and paper bag she could find, and made up ponderous parcels and queer shaped bundles, and sent them off to the charities, and the decks were cleared!

Before twenty-four hours a fellow-journalist came in hot haste to borrow a photo for a special article, and she hurried to a well-known corner to find it for him. Alas, the corner was empty, swept and garnished, and she was obliged to falter, "I threw it away yesterday," and to wilt before his disgusted shrug. Then, an occasion arose when a certain pattern was badly needed, and she climbed to a cupboard shelf to get it. There was nothing at all on that shelf! A small boy friend wanted a pair of reins a day or so later. "I have the very thing," cried the little woman, and dived into a bag. There was not a thing in that bag! For years all this lumber and rubbish had lain in its several lairs, undesired and useless, but almost as soon as the scavenger had driven away with it, people come needing this and that! The little woman is in two minds about ever clearing out her flat again!

I hear that there was one very "noble" lady attending the International Council Quinquennial Congress who did not reveal her rank and importance to a living soul. No one paid her any attention. She came and went with the crowd or alone; she boarded during the Congress, and she knows about every speaker and speech (and has her valuation thereof) either from her own observations or from authentic reports. I have had a suspicion as to her standing, but did not confirm it until the very end. And it's her secret, until I come some day to her fascinating country and have her permission to reveal it, by which time no one will remember her!

A native of Leicestershire, England, relates with gusto an incident (that as a child of four she would watch for with keen delight) in the service at Zion Chapel, on Providence Hill, near the village of Newbold, in the district of George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss." When the exhorter in his prayer called for a blessing on the royal family, beginning with Queen Victoria and following with Prince Albert and the long list of children, at the mention of the third child's name, an old man in smock and knee breeches, would invariably call out, punctuating his words with a tap of his stick on the floor, "Loomp 'em, brother, loomp 'em!"

The minds of children are sometimes deep abysses of horror after an orthodox teacher has finished a session with them, in the ordinary Sunday school. Terror, sorrow, protest alternate in the little soul, as the zealous but misguided instructor depicts the tortures of the unforgiven or the woes of the wicked. I can recall the sturdy attitude of unbelief which was my only stay after an experience of this sort, and how, in secular history, I cringed and shrunk from the details of famines, slaughter and cruelties which were dished up with gusto by a little governess. I have always been able, in the days of teaching little ones, to find beautiful, strong and impressive lessons enough to present to them, without making them suffer the trials I occasionally did in my childhood, and it seems as if some teachers of to-day might take this hint with advantage to their little —victims! I was moved to this line of thought by hearing a well-meaning woman trying to inculcate kindness to animals and to that end describing some brutalities and cruelties which had been practised on helpless creatures. The children were deeply interested until one little girl fainted and stopped the lecture!

LADY GAY.

Swinburne on American Poets.

SOME interesting letters from Algernon Charles Swinburne to Edmund Clarence Stedman, now in the possession of the latter's granddaughter, are printed in the London "Times." They contain some comments on American poetry. One says:

"Your rebuke on the subject of American poetry is doubtless as well deserved as it is kindly and gently expressed. Yet I must say that while I appreciate, I hope, the respective excellence of Mr. Bryant's 'Thaoatopsis,' and Mr. Lowell's 'Commemoration Ode,' I cannot say that either of them leaves in my ear the echo of a single note of song. It is excellent and good speech, but if given us as song its first and last duty is to sing.

"The 'Ode' is a most august meditation and the other is a noble expression of deep and grave patriotic feeling on a supreme national occasion. But the thing more necessary, though it may be less noble than these, is the pulse, the fire, the passion of music, the quality of a singer, not of a solitary philosopher or patriotic orator.

"Now, when Whitman is not speaking bad prose he sings, and when he sings at all he sings well. Mr. Longfellow has a pretty little pipe of his own, but surely it is very thin and reedy. Again, whatever may be Mr. Emerson's merits, to talk of his poetry seems to me to be like talking of the scholarship of a child who has not yet learned its letters.

"Even Browning's verse always goes to a recognizable tune. I say not to a good one. But in the name of all bagpipes, what is the tune of Emerson's? Now it is a poor thing to have nothing but melody and be unable to rise above it into harmony. But one or other, the less if not the greater, you must have. Imagine a man full of great thoughts and emotions resolved to express them in a painting that has absolutely no power upon form or color. Wainwright, the murderer, who never had thought or emotion above those of a pig or butcher, will be a better man for us than he."

In another letter Swinburne says:

"I read your former letter very carefully and have since re-read a good deal of Emerson's first volume of poems, therein mentioned, which certainly contains noble verses and passages well worth remembering. I hope no personal feeling or consideration will ever prevent or impair my recognition of any man's higher qualities.

"In Whittier power, pathos, righteousness (to use a great old word that should not be left to the pulpiteers) of noble emotion, would be more enjoyable and admirable if he were not so deplorably ready to put up with the first word, good or bad, that comes to hand and to run on long after he is out of breath.

"Mr. Lowell's verse, when out of the Bigelow costume, I never could bring myself to care for at all. You know my theory, that nothing which can as well be said in prose ought ever to be said in verse."

We all love our teachers. That's the reason we pay them so little. A labor of, by, and for love is a noble thing, and we should not debase those whom we love by offering too much filthy lucre.

We do not want our teachers to be stung by the money-bee. Nor are we entirely unselfish in this. If they were so stung, they might communicate the infection to our spotless children, whom we would not make purse-proud for anything in the world except to show that they are better off than those of our neighbors.

Teachers should struggle to make both ends meet. Only thus can they set the divine example. If there is to be any wage-cut, due to the industrial depression, it should begin at the bulwark of our liberties, whether it be the little red schoolhouse on the hill, or the big, ill-ventilated, unsanitary education emporium in our cities.—Lippincott's.

"I understand that manager is paying fabulous salaries to his leading singers." "Not fabulous," replied the cynical press agent, "fictitious."

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During July and August we close daily at 5 p. m. Saturday 1 p. m.

JULY SALE OF LINENS

Our July sale of Household Linens is drawing large crowds of people, but this is only natural, seeing the special values we are giving. Our half-price sale of Table Cloths is particularly interesting. The cloths are all high grade Irish Satin Damask and are just the thing for the thrifty housekeeper. All on sale at exactly half price.

Our Linen Sheets and Pillow Cases are made from high grade linens fully bleached and neatly hand hemstitched, in two patterns. They are a special lot our buyer procured in time for this special July sale, and at a price that enables us to sell them at one-third less than the regular prices. The Pillow Cases are sizes 22½ by 36 and 25 by 36 inches, and the Sheets are suitable for single, three-quarter and double beds. All on sale at one-third less than regular prices.

CANADIAN PACIFIC IMPROVED UPPER LAKE SERVICE

COMMENCING JULY 5th

Steamships will leave Owen Sound at 5.00 p.m. for the "Soo," Port Arthur and Fort William as follows:

Monday.....S.S. "Alberta." Tuesday.....S.S. "Keewatin."
Wednesday.....S.S. "Athabaska." Thursday.....S.S. "Manitoba."
Saturday.....S.S. "Assiniboia."

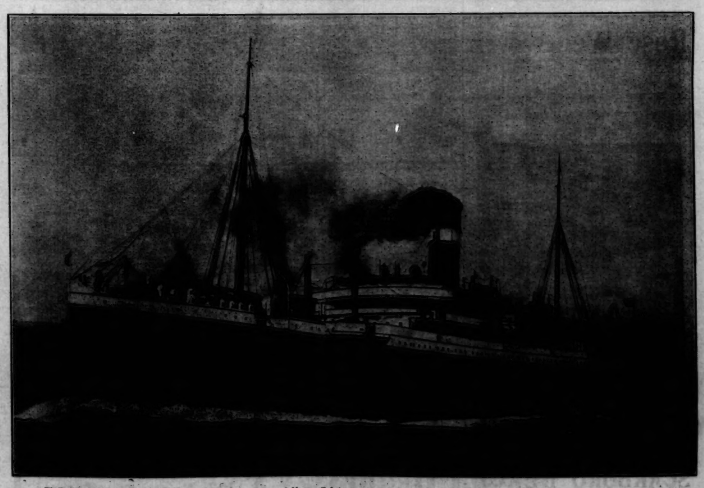
Steamship Express leaves Toronto at 1.00 p.m. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, connecting at Owen Sound with Upper Lake Steamships.

THROUGH TRAIN for Bala, Parry Sound, Point au Baril, Sudbury and intermediate points will leave Toronto at 11.35 a.m., daily, except Sunday, making connections at Bala with steamers for all Muskoka Lake resorts, and at Point au Baril Station with Steamer Ophir for Point au Baril hotels and resorts. Through cafe parlor car Toronto to Sudbury.

NEW THROUGH TRAIN FOR BUFFALO

Leaves Toronto at 1.15 p.m. daily, except Sunday, commencing June 28. Carries combination coach, first-class coaches, and parlor car.

Full particulars from your nearest C.P.R. Agent, or write R. L. THOMPSON, D.P.A., Toronto.



T.S.S. "Hesperian." One of the new Allan Liners, built expressly for the Montreal-Glasgow Service. The "Hesperian" and her sister ship, the "Grampian," are each 10,000 tons, 502 feet in length, 60 feet breadth, and make the passage between Montreal and Glasgow in eight days.

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OUR FACE TREATMENTS

If you want to retain your youthful appearance or regain what you have lost, these treatments will delight you. For removing spots and blotches there is nothing better. Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, etc., permanently removed by Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured. Brochure on request.

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Just the place on a hot day.

SOCIETY

AT high noon on Wednesday, June 30, at St. Mark's church, Parkdale, by the Rev. Canon Ingles, the marriage of Miss Mayzie Irene Staebler, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Staebler, Berlin, to Mr. Frank C. Schmidt, of Calgary, Alberta, took place in the presence of the immediate relatives and friends. The bride, who was unattended, was becomingly gowned in a tailored suit of cream serge, with a black and silver hat, and carrying a shower boquet of lilies of the valley and roses. She was given away by her grandmother, Mrs. J. K. A. McCutcheon. Immediately after the ceremony the happy pair left amidst showers of rose petals and confetti for a trip to the Pacific Coast before returning to their home in Calgary. The groom's gift to the bride was a beautiful pendant of diamonds and pearls set in platinum and gold with platinum chain.

On June 30, at St. George's church, Owen Sound, a marriage was solemnized between Miss Jessie Louise Hay, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Hay, of that town, and Mr. James Howard Bovell, of Toronto. The Rev. Rural Dean James Ardell performed the ceremony. The quaint old stone church was decorated for the occasion by the loving hands of the bride's girl friends, under the direction of Mrs. A. B. Hay, aunt of the bride. Daisies and ferns were everywhere, the aisles, to the clusters tied with white ribbon at each pew, the pulpit and reading desk were banked with large ferns, palms and daisies, surmounted by baskets filled with the same flower. On the Communion table were brass bowls filled with daisies, while a curtain of the same flower hung behind it tied with yellow and white ribbons, from which were suspended floral horseshoes. Over the chancel steps hung a beautiful bridal bell, composed of daisies and ferns, and suspended from the clapper, as a bit of good luck, was a dainty yellow satin slipper filled with daisies. The bridal procession was led by the ushers, Mr. Howard Good and Mr. Edward Dawson, of Toronto.; Mr. Merritt Hay, brother of the bride, and Mr. A. E. Day, followed by the maid of honor, Miss Helen Machell, cousin of the groom, and the bridesmaids, Miss Edna Hay, of Woodstock, and Miss Eleanor Hay, cousins of the bride; Miss Ora Wright, of Toronto, and Miss Ruby Duncan. Mr. Archie Barwick was best man. The service was fully choral, and during the signing of the register, Miss Grace Stone, of Toronto sang "Oh Fair, Oh Sweet and Holy." The bride looked charming and very stately in a Princess robe of ivory venetian satin with long court train trimmed with lace and embroidered in pearls; the long sleeves of Brussels net were laced with ropes of satin. Her tulle veil which fell from a coronet of orange blossoms and white heather, was worn over the face in the old time way. She carried a shower boquet of lily of the valley and bride roses. The maid of honor and bridesmaids were gowned alike in maize satin in Empire style with long trains, embroidered in gold with true lover's knots. They wore short tulle veils held in place by chaplets of daisies, and carried shower baskets of the same flower. The groom's gift to the bridesmaids were gold bars set with Brazilian beetles, and to the groomsman and ushers scarf pins of the same. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, the house being decorated with a profusion of carnations and daisies. The dejeuner was served in a large marquee on the lawn, after which the bride changed her gown for a fashionable travelling suit with green trimmings and blue chip hat wreathed in cone flowers. The happy couple left by motor for Meaford en route to the Upper Lakes, where they will spend their honeymoon, after which they will make their home in Toronto. Among the out-of-town guests were the Misses Barwick and Tyrwhite, of Toronto; Mrs. R. Pieper, and Mr. J. F. Pieper, of Palo Alto, Cal.; Mrs. Douglas, of Woodstock; Mr. Chas. Whitney, the Misses Whitney, of Brantford; Mrs. George Merritt, of California; Mrs. James Haken, of Norwich, and Mrs. J. D. Wright, of Toronto.

Miss Augusta Hodgins is summering at Murray Bay.

Mrs. and Miss Eva Glass are at the Alexandra.

Mrs. Lizars Smith left on Thursday for Muskoka, where she will spend the summer with her sister, Miss Lizars, who has a very cosy cottage there, having disposed of the Minnewaska, which is now a sanitarium.

Mrs. John Cawthra and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cawthra have returned from abroad. Mrs. Albert Gooderham has gone to England, where Miss Charlotte has been for some weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Anglin and their children are summering on the Island. Mrs. Parry, Miss Gladys and Mr. Wilfrid Parry have gone abroad. Mrs. Vincent Greene is going abroad next week, sailing from Boston.

Mrs. Alfred Baker will spend some time on the Pacific coast visiting her sister in Aberdeen, Washington.

Mrs. R. F. Pieper and Mr. Fritz Pieper will spend a fortnight in Toronto, visiting Mrs. Wright in Pelham place, Rosedale.

WATER ROUTE TO U.S. POINTS.

The cool, economical, and comfortable route to all United States points is via Niagara Navigation Company steamers, 6 trips daily, except Sunday, connecting at Lewiston, N.Y., with New York Central and H. R. R. R., and Niagara Gorge R. R., at Niagara-on-the-Lake with Michigan Central R.R., and at Queenstown with the International Railway. Ticket office, Traders Bank Building. Telephone Main 6536.

Niagara on the Lake ::

THE dance at the Queen's Royal Saturday evening was a great success. A few of those present were Mrs. Fauquier, Ottawa; who wore a painted chiffon with black and white stripes. Mrs. Arnoldi was in black and white foulard, Mrs. Lancing, a handsome black gown; Miss Sarah Lancing, a pretty frock of white and silver; Mrs. Barnard was in white, Miss Sizer, Buffalo, was in pale blue with black hat; Miss Patti Warren looked very sweet in black; Miss Geddes, a pretty blue silk empire gown; Miss Mary Garrett was in pink, Miss Phillips wore a very handsome black gown, Miss Flora Garrett a pretty white frock, Miss Smith, pale pink gown; Miss Crysler was in blue, and Miss Webster was in blue. A few of the men were Captain Lindsey, Mr. Harry Small, Mr. Smith, Mr. Cole, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Green, Mr. G. Miles, Mr. Hostetter MacBrien, Mr. Bissell, Captain Van Strawbenzee, Mr. Warren, Mr. Gale, Mr. Moncrieff and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Drummond, Toronto, have taken a house in town for the summer.

Dr. and Miss Kirkland, Toronto, are among the guests at The Oban.

Mr. A. D. Russell and Mrs. Harry Small spent the week end in town.

Mrs. Ernest Edwards and Miss Violet Edwards have arrived in town. Miss Gladys, who is visiting Mrs. Rosemuller in Towanda, Pa., will join her mother and sister later.

Mr. and Mrs. Silverthorne, Buffalo, have opened up their pretty house for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Thompson, Toronto, have taken Miss Jeffries' house for the summer.

Mrs. A. D. Gale, Buffalo, has taken Miss Ball's pretty cottage on Victoria street for the summer.

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You may depend that any article you buy in this modern drug store is right in quality and price.

No matter what you want in drugs or druggists' sundries, you'll find it here—many things that other drug stores haven't got.

Our Special Prescription Department is in the hands of expert Chemists and only pure, fresh, high-quality drgus are used.

Telephone whenever you want anything—Main 2991.

Hennessey's the dependable drug store 107 Yonge St., Toronto

FORMER Representative Amos J. Cummings, of New York, was once city editor of the Sun. One Saturday night it was announced that all the saloons were to be closed next day. Cummings called his star reporter, Murray.

"Tom," he said, "go out to-morrow and find out if the saloons are selling liquor."

It was Thursday when Tom again appeared at his desk.

"They were," he reported.

ADMIRAL KINGSMILL advocates a Canadian navy because it will provide places for our dullards. His theory has all the authority that antiquity can lend it, and no more. It prompts the "Kincardine Review" to recall the story of the captain who was receiving the new middy:

"Well, boy, the old story, I suppose —fool of the family sent to sea?"

"Oh, no, sir," piped the boy, "that's all altered since your day."

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

DOOLITTLE—At Dundas, Ont., on July 6th, 1909, the wife of C. M. Doolittle, of a daughter.

PAGE—In Toronto, July 2, 1909, the wife of Dr. Charles A. Page, of a daughter.

RITCHIE—At 80 Kendall avenue, Toronto, on Saturday, July 3, 1909, the wife of F. A. Ritchie, of a daughter.

GREENWOOD—At "Uplands," Lakefield, Ont., on July 5, 1909, the wife of Lieut.-Col. H. S. Greenwood, V.D., of a son.

TUCKER—On July 6, 1909, at 113 Cowan avenue, Parkdale, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Tucker, a son.

MARRIAGES.

WALKER—BUTLER—On Saturday evening, July 3rd, 1909, at the residence of E. V. Burwell, 68 Sussex avenue, Toronto, brother-in-law of the bride, Violet G. Butler, daughter of the late H. T. Butler, Stratford, Ont., to Edward Blake Walker, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Paris, son of Dr. Thomas Walker, St. John, N.B.

REED—MITCHELL—At 64 Alexander street, Toronto, on Wednesday, the 30th of June, 1909, Helena Gertrude, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. G. A. Mitchell, to Francis Henry Reed, of Regina.

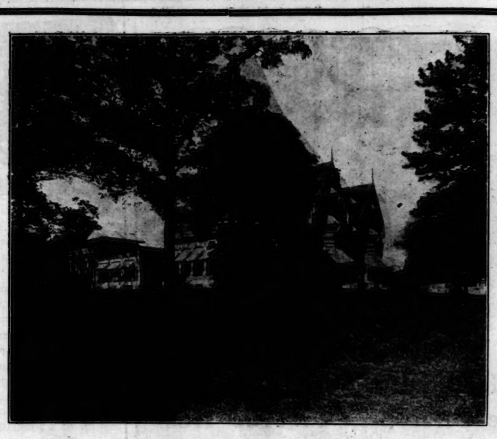
SCHMIDT—STAEBLER—On June 30th, 1909, at St. Mark's Church, Parkdale, by the Rev. Canon Ingles, Mayzie Irene Staebler, eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Staebler, Berlin, to Franklin Edward Schmidt, Calgary, Alberta.

DEATHS.

BURT—At Burlington, on July 7, 1909, Mary Kathleen, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Burt, aged 6 months.

VAN DER VOORT—At his residence, 446 Sherbourne street, Toronto, on Wednesday morning, July 7, J. A. Van der Voort, aged 54 years.

CLEMENTS—In London, England, June 15, Eleanor Clements, late of Toronto, and sister of Mrs. Charles Wilkinson, Howard street, Toronto.



Mr. Frederic Nicholls has instructed me to offer for sale his residence and grounds, known as The Homewood, Wellesley Place, Toronto. This is one of the finest residences in Canada, and contains on the ground floor: Drawing-room, Dining-room, Reception-room, Smoking-room, Billiard-room and Library, etc., etc.

The lot contains about three acres of beautifully laid out ground, including croquet lawn, tennis lawn and kitchen garden. There is also on the property a large brick stable, with stabling for six horses, carriage house, harness-room, etc. Three large greenhouses and lodge.

Plans and further particulars will be furnished at the office of

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Rates, and full information on application to

JAS. B. JENKINS, Hotel Quinte, Belleville.

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All rail via Niagara Falls or Buffalo		Niagara Navigation Co. Steamer via Lewiston
$15.25	Boston	$13.35
15.25	Fitchburg	13.35
15.25	Ayer	13.35
14.95	Gardner	13.05
14.10	Greenfield	12.20

July 14 and 28, Aug. 10 and 26, Sept. 14

$15.25	Boston	$13.35
15.25	South Framingham	13.35
15.25	Worcester	13.35
14.75	Palmer	12.85
14.45	Springfield	12.55

Tickets good going and returning within fifteen days of date of sale.

For particulars call at City Ticket Office, 80 Yonge Street, or at ticket offices of the Canadian Pacific or Grand Trunk R.R., or at Niagara Navigation Company.

Society at the Capital

THE annual summer exodus of Ottawa's householders still continues from day to day and each departing the city bears its family quota of eager and expectant holiday makers, the greater number of whom are bound for the seacoast. The various pretty villages on the lower St. Lawrence, always greatly favored with Ottawans, will this year again be the objective points of many of our citizens, and already quite a colony are settled for the summer months at St. Patrick's, Murray Bay, Cap a l'Aigle and other neighboring points, to be joined in the course of weeks by many more. Mrs. Edward Fauquier, with her infant son, will leave this week for Murray Bay, where Mrs. Joseph Pope and family will also spend the hot weather, leaving in a few days. Mrs. Barrett Dewar will very shortly leave to join other members of the family at St. Patricks, and Mrs. J. J. Codville with her son and daughter, left during the past week for the same attractive and cool resort. Mrs. Travers Lewis, with the Misses Norah and May Lewis, left on July 1 to enjoy the cool breezes of Little Metis for the next two months. Mr. Jack Lewis, who has just completed his first year at the Royal Military College, will sail for England in the middle of the month to remain until September. Miss Norah Lewis's marriage to Mr. Frank Ahern has been arranged to take place in October. Hon. Rodolphe and Madame Lemieux with their family left on Thursday for their summer residence in Murray Bay.

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Among those who have selected an ocean trip—some bent only on pleasure, while others combine business with their holiday outing—and have sailed within the past few days are Sir Frederick, Lady and Miss Borden and Sir Frederick's Private Secretary, Mr. Charles Panet; Sir Sandford Fleming, C.M.G.; Hon. L. P. Brodeur and Mr. A. Brodeur, Sir Percy and Lady Lake, Hon. G. P. Graham, Minister of Railways and Canals, and his Private Secretary, Mr. Christopher Robinson, and Admiral Kingsmill, all of whom took passage on the Empress of Ireland, sailing from Montreal on Friday last. Hon. Mr. Justice Girouard, Madame and Miss Eleanor Girouard expect to sail on July 23 and will spend the next three months abroad. Mrs. Ellery Lord and Mrs. Charles Brennan sailed on the Corsican on Friday from Montreal for a pleasure trip to the Old Country, and Miss Monica Lyon will leave on Wednesday via New York, for a visit to her brother, Mr. Laurence Lyon, and Mrs. Lyon, who have a beautiful country home in the suburbs of Paris, France. Mr. Lyon's mother, Mrs. J. L. Lyon, has recently returned to Canada after spending the winter in Paris with her son, and is now with her parents, Sir Henry and Lady Strong, in town.

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Quite a large contingent of residents of the Capital have chosen various points in the Maritime provinces and principally the picturesque shores of Prince Edward Island at which to take a restful holiday, and among the number are Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Stone and Mrs. Stone's sister, Miss Irene Goodwin, who have gone to Prince Edward Island and have been there joined by Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Clorran (nee Goodwin), of Montreal; Mr. John Fraser, Auditor General, and Mrs. Fraser, who will go to Souris, P.E.I., in a few days; Mrs. W. S. Fielding, and the Misses Flossie and Edith Fielding, who left on Saturday to spend the next six weeks or so at Chester, N.S., where Col. and Mrs. A. L. Jarvis are also enjoying a month's rest and holiday, having left on Thursday last. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fraser, who expect to go in the middle of July to Bridgewater, N.S.; Mr. and Mrs. George Blair, who go to Dove Court, N.B.; Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Brock, who left recently for a pretty and cool resort in Prince Edward Island, and Mr. and Mrs. T. Cooper Boville, who will visit relatives in Halifax, the former for a short holiday, and the latter to remain until the early autumn.

❦

An interesting engagement recently announced is that of Miss Maud Borbridge, elder daughter of Henry Borbridge, Esq., of Metcalfe Street, to Mr. Arthur Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brown, of Hamilton. The marriage has been arranged for September 9, and will be one of several fashionable autumn weddings, which will take place in the Capital, and which will be particularly interesting owing to the fact that the respective bride-elects are among the prettiest and most popular girls in Ottawa.

❦

Mrs. Edward Houston spent a few days in town with Mr. Houston during the latter part of the week, having come to the Capital on a house-hunting expedition, and returned to Niagara Falls on Sunday to make final arrangements for the removal of their "lares and penates" to the Capital within the course of a few weeks.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, July 5, 1909.

If Omar Were Khayyamming Now.

OLD Omar craved a book, jug, loaf, and "Thou,"
But Omar lived a long, long time ago;
If he were here and yearned to claim her now
He'd need a goodly wad to stand a show.

Once maidens may have gladly sat around
And listened to men read the poet's words,
May gladly have munched loaves and may have found
A sweetness in the twittering of birds.

But now the man who deals in tents or wheat
Must have a bundle of the good long green,
And if his dreams are ever to be sweet
He must not fail to own a limousine.

It may be that his "Thou" has love for art,
To her the Persian's song may seem sublime,
But if he is to win her tender heart
He must be spending money all the time.

A book of verses underneath the bough?
That would not even win him second place;
A jug of wine and loaf of bread? His "Thou"
Would want hot birds—and bottles by the case.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Successful Filter.

THE question of the filtration of water becomes more and more important every day, as the discoveries of science make it clearer and clearer that many forms of disease are communicated in drinking water. This question, however, is one on which there exist many misconceptions on the part of the general public. The average person confounds straining water with the filtration of it. But it is a matter of fact that the clearest and most sparkling water may be full of poisonous germs. It is one thing to take out of the water foreign substances and coloring matter, and quite another to rid it of germs. For many years men have devoted themselves to the invention of a domestic filter which would do this work with reasonable efficiency, and yet not be cumbrous in size or too slow in its operation. The result has been many different kinds of filter, using all sorts of substances through which to pass the water. But only one filter seems to have proven entirely successful, and that is the Pasteur-Chamberland filter in which the water is forced through a tube of fine, unglazed biscuit porcelain. Simple as is this construction, it still has proved to be an efficient means of removing germ life from water, and has been endorsed by a great many doctors and medical journals.

DURING the absence of his wife from home a man engaged a new cook, a country girl not long in the city. Although a good servant, the newcomer evinced a distressing unfamiliarity with the gas range. It became necessary for her new employer to go to the kitchen and explain the modus operandi of the range. He gave her quite a demonstration, and lit every one of the many burners. While thus busily occupied, he was interrupted by the call of a friend.

"I think you understand the range now," said he, as he went upstairs. He soon forgot the matter, and did not see the girl, for several days. When he did it was again in the kitchen, for it occurred to him to go thither to see how the range was working.

"Everything is going nicely, sir," said the cook. "That's the nicest stove I've ever seen. You kindled it for me four days ago, and would you believe, sir, it's still burning and hasn't lowered even once!"

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HOTEL, Lake Rosseau, is Now Open—All the comforts and conveniences of the modern city hotel. Golf and Tennis—a few hours from Toronto and through trains over three lines connecting with direct steamers—Attractive Rates until July 20th. As heavy season is anticipated, reservations should be made at once. Terms from L. W. Maxson, Box 35, Royal Muskoka, Lake Rosseau. Steamer Information from R. M. Melville, 40 Toronto St., Toronto. Phone M. 2010.

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New and up to date summer resort, at The Narrows, near Orillia. Full particulars by writing R. A. Harris, Atherly P.O., Ontario, Canada.

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CLYDE FITCH, the dramatist, tells an amusing story concerning an amateur rehearsal of Shakespeare's "As You Like It." The rehearsal took place in the open air, in a garden, and near by were some workmen, engaged in building operations.

"As my amateurs postured and chanted the bard's beautiful lines," says Mr. Fitch, "bricklayers above us laid bricks, carpenters planed boards, and masons chipped stones. And one afternoon, during a silent pause in our rehearsal, we heard a voice from the building operation say gravely: 'I prithee, malapert, pass me yonder brick.'"

"Algy, dear," remarked a young wife to her husband. "I wish you would taste this milk and see if it is perfectly sweet. If it's the least bit sour I mustn't give any of it to dear little Fido!"—Judy.

Interesting Facts About the Moose.

THE true American elk, commonly called the moose (*Alces machlis*), is found from New Brunswick westward to British Columbia. It is probably as plentiful in the Maritime Provinces as in any part of the northern United States or Canada. A considerable area of these Provinces is covered with an undergrowth of shrubs and small trees upon which this animal subsists. From the smaller of these it takes the tender twigs, and from the larger it peels the bark. The striped maple, often called the moosewood, furnishes it with an abundance of succulent twigs, in winter, and in summer it has both twigs and leaves. These maples sometimes attain a diameter of six or eight inches, and from their trunks the bark is stripped by the sharp chisel-like teeth of the lower jaw of the moose; but it is seldom that it is stripped all around the tree, being generally removed only from one side. It is claimed by some that the sagacity of the animal warns it not to completely strip the tree, lest it should die; but it is more likely that the moose finds it more convenient to turn to another tree than to circle around the same one. To this bark, which is a winter diet, various grasses and plants that grow in streams are added in the summer, especially the long rootstalks of pond lilies. In quest of these plants, which are sometimes taken in fully six feet of water, the moose swims and wades, and occasionally reaches so far below the water as to be almost submerged. A summer camper-out has told me that he has often approached these animals in a canoe on their feeding grounds in our northern lakes as close as almost to touch them at times when the head was under water in search of food.

It has been asserted by some writers that the moose, having a smooth tongue, is unable to crop grasses, but to anyone who is observant, it will be known that the tongue of a horse is quite as smooth as that of a moose. These writers would do well to remember that both the moose and the horse have prehensile upper lips, which assist them in gathering the food into their mouths.

Throughout the summer the water courses, especially the shallow lakes and slow-moving streams, arising in swampy forests, are much frequented by these animals, as during that season a different variety of food from that upon which they feed in winter may be obtained. During the winter they yard—that is to say, a number of the animals gather together—and have common paths along which they may move freely to secure their food. We must credit these animals with an unusual amount of foresight in yarding on the northern side rather than on the southern side of the crest, for the snow on the later is much more likely to crust than that on the former, and a crusting of the snow greatly impedes the progress of the moose, thus putting them more in the power of any enemies that might be lurking about.

The moose is the largest animal now existing of the deer family, standing often as high as six feet, and sometimes weighing 1,200 pounds; but notwithstanding its great size, it is very fleet of foot. When brought to bay, a blow with its fore foot or horns is a very serious matter for the huntsman. Often when pursued by man they have their intelligence to thank for their escape, for sometimes, if closely followed, they double in their tracks and stand motionless in some thicket until the hunter has slipped by, when they quickly glide away. At other times they make such a commotion as to unnerve any but an experienced hunter, and thus escape.

The males, only, are provided with antlers, and with these they often deal death to their enemies and rivals. The antlers drop off in early winter, and when the new ones are growing they are apparently very sensitive; so that the females have little to fear from their larger and stronger mates. Moose begin to breed when two or three years old, a single fawn being born the first time, and after that as many as two or three at a time.

The antlers of the male become larger each year until the animal has passed his prime, or has become seriously injured, when the quality deteriorates, and we find antlers much deformed in typical shape and size. From observations made upon the antlers secured from different localities, it would seem that the different places have their different strains of breeds. The antlers in each locality seem to be more or less after one pattern, which makes it appear as though one sire dominates a certain territory.

Numerous cases have been recorded of bull moose having unprovoked, given battle to man, but the peculiar part of this is that we have as yet to hear of a real sportsman being so attacked. Circumstantial evidence goes to prove that these unprovoked attacks are only excuses given for the killing of a moose out of season, or by an unlicensed hunter.

The ungainly body of the little calf moose, perched on long stilt-like legs, presents a ludicrous appearance; but it is an object of the tenderest solicitude on the part of the mother, who will often charge fiercely upon hunters if they approach too near, or try in sport to capture their offspring. A female calf moose once became so tame through being left unmolested that she used to come right up to a camp occupied by a brother of the writer and after a time allowed itself to be photographed in several different positions.—W. H. Moore, in The Educational Review of St. John, N.B.

The Woman Who Understands.

SOMEWHERE she waits to make you win, your soul in her firm white hands—
Somewhere the gods have made for you the Woman Who Understands!

As the tide went out she found him
Lashed to a spar of Despair,
The wreck of his Ship around him—
The wreck of his Dreams in the air;
Found him and loved him and gathered
The soul of him close to her heart—
The soul that had sailed an uncharted sea,
The soul that had sought to win and be free—
The soul of which *she* was part!
And there in the dusk she cried to the man,
"Win your battle—you can, you can!"

Broken by Fate, unrelenting,
Scarred by the lashings of Chance;
Bitter his heart—unrepenting—
Hardened by Circumstance;
Shadowed by Failure ever,
Cursing, he would have died,
But the touch of her hand, her warm, strong hand,
And her love of his soul took full command.
Just at the turn of the tide!
Standing beside him, filled with trust,
"Win!" she whispered, "you must, you must!"

Helping and loving and guiding,
Urging, when that were best,
Holding her fears in hiding
Deep in her quiet breast;
This is the woman who kept him
True to his standards lost,
When, tossed in the storm and stress of strife,
He thought himself through with the game of life
And ready to pay the cost.
Watching and guarding, whispering still,
"Win! You can—and you will, you will!"

This is the story of ages,
This is the woman's way;
Wiser than seers or sages,
Lifting us, day by day;
Facing all things with a courage
Nothing can daunt or dim,
Treading Life's path, wherever it leads—
Lined with flowers or choked with weeds,
But ever with him—with him!
Guidon—comrade—golden spur—
The men who win are helped by *her!*

Somewhere she waits, strong in belief,
your soul in her firm white hands;
Thank well the gods when she comes to you—the Woman Who Understands!

—Everard Jack Appleton, in The Cincinnati Times-Star.

A Hermit Sculptor.

"THE Hermit of Rotheneuf," or Abbe Fourre, to call him by his real name, has his home near St. Malo, where he has sculptured the rocks for miles around. On all sides are standing or reclining figures, some of them isolated, others in groups.

The entire face of the cliff seems alive with saints, devils and fantastic animals, says "The Wide World Magazine." Though you may not notice all at first glance, you quickly discover that there is hardly a square yard of rock that has not been carved to resemble some human or animal form.

The natural irregularity of the surface of the rocks has been utilized by the sculptor in a most clever manner. Here he has seen a suggestion for a head; there a long granite boulder that could be converted into a couchant saint, with a long beard and a curious headdress, and there again a series of irregularly shaped rocks that wanted little change to turn them into a family group—that of a fisherman of Rotheneuf, his wife and their five children, one of whom is lying on its mother's lap.

You will notice too that a fish bearing a certain resemblance to a shark appears beneath the rock on which the fisherman is sitting, and that by the position of its snout it would seem to be about to devour the whole family. The religious element in the Abbe Fourre's compositions is strong, as would be expected.

There are saints and angels innumerable, two or three altars, and at least one representation of the Almighty. The Abbe has by no means limited himself to church and Biblical subjects. Sometimes he has taken his inspiration from local history. One of the most ambitious compositions represents scenes in the lives of the lords of Rotheneuf.

There was a theory that the late Henry H. Rogers had two arterial systems, one for warm blood and the other for cold. He had both kinds of blood in him, and used both, but they very seldom got mixed.—Life.

Fair Client—I want you to sue that woman for $5,000 damages! She stole my husband's affections! Lawyer—But, madam, your husband is well known in this community. I advise you to sue the woman for a smaller sum—say $25.—Chicago Tribune.

"What! Going, Braun? Oh, while you're here at the club stay a little longer." "Impossible, my dear fellow. But I will leave my coat and umbrella here, and perhaps my wife will send me back to fetch them."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

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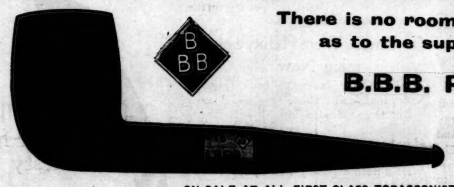

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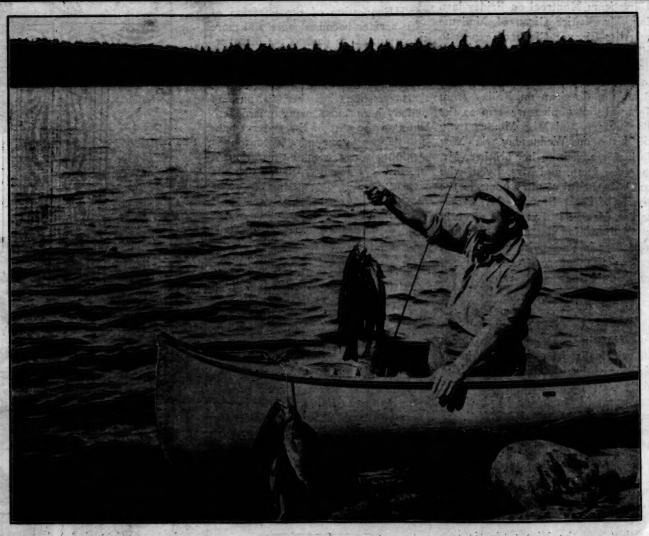
A Fine Catch of Black Bass—Temagami
Nearly every fisherman when looking at this picture will recall some struggle he has had with a gamey black bass; he will again hear the song of the reel, and picture in his mind, the battle royal from the time the fish first struck until the landing net ended the fight.
The Grand Trunk Railway System reaches the best fishing resorts in America, notable among these are: "Temagami," "Algonquin Park," "Lake of Bays," "Georgian Bay," "Lake Couchiching," "Lake Nipissing," "French River," "Kawartha Lakes."
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